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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

## Events of the Week.

THE German offensive in the East seems now to be developing its maximum force. The Germans must have nearly a million men in their active line and the Austrians almost as many, while it is doubtful whether the Russians, in spite of their immense reserves of men, can put more than a million fully-equipped men into the fighting line. The Russians now have the advantage of prepared positions and a fairly good railway system, while the Germans are attacking far from their railway bases. But there is not much prospect of an early reversal of the fortunes of war. Warsaw is in danger, and the "Times" correspondent in Petrograd states that Russia is prepared for the worst. The attack proceeds simultaneously in five distinct areas, scattered over a line of 800 miles. At its southern extremity in Galicia little is happening, and the two armies are facing each other across the Upper Bug and Zlota-Lipa. In the far north, in the Baltic Provinces, an independent diversion is going on, which may aim at conquest in this non-Russian region with a large German population. Here the port of Windau has fallen, as Libau did before it. The important railway junction of Torcum has also been taken, and everything suggests an intention to proceed against Riga by land and sea. But the more important movements are the converging attacks by five or six distinct armies on Warsaw.

THESE movements against Warsaw begin on the north. Here the Russians have had to evacuate Przasnysz, and all the country between the East Prussian frontier and the line of the river Narew. It is a strong position, defended by marshes and by four minor fortresses. It is so far intact, though part of the

Ostroleka fortress on the north bank of the Narew has been taken. The Germans report attacks on the bridge-heads of the Narew at several points, which ended in the retreat of the defenders, but they do not yet claim to have crossed the river. The strong fortress of Novo-Georgievsk defends the angle of the lines before Warsaw. It has already begun to bombard the advancing enemy. Crossing the Vistula, we come to the famous Bzura-Rawka lines, which the Russians have stubbornly held since before Christmas, when Hindenburg made his last great attacks. These have been evacuated during the week, and the Russians have fallen back on a line through Blonie and Grojec, which protects Warsaw against a direct advance from the south-west. Blonie itself is only ten miles from Warsaw. This line, say the Germans, has only given the Russians "a brief respite," and it has been drawn back in the South. Lower down the Vistula, the strong fortress of Ivangorod defends its only bridge. It is stated that von Woyrsch is already attacking the bridge-head defences with success, and that the Russians are now invested in the fortress.

THE Germans claim in all these struggles large captures of prisoners, and it is possible that the Russians do not mean to risk the destruction of their armies by an obstinate defence of Warsaw. The other portion of this immense movement is the advance up from Galicia through the nearly roadless country between the Vistula and the Bug. The check administered to the Austrians at Krasnik has not availed to delay the invaders for long. The Austrians have now been strengthened by the addition of some German corps. Their immediate objective is the strategic railway Ivangorod-Lublin-Cholm, which is vital to the Russian defence of all this region. Both the Austrians in the centre, and the Germans under von Mackensen on the right, are now advancing. The chief struggle was about Krasnostaf, and its fall has been followed by the evacuation of the Russian advanced positions before the railway.

THE Germans now threaten this railway at points only four and seven miles distant. They are repeating their Galician "phalanx" tactics, with the same probable result. If they should manage either to occupy this railway or to cross the Narew, it is not likely that Warsaw can be defended for long, though some of the fortresses which defend it at great intervals may, if well supplied with munitions, give the attackers much trouble. If Warsaw goes, it is to be feared that all Western Poland goes with it, and the Germans, whatever else they may decide to attempt, will have abolished the Polish salient, and gained the shortest and straightest defensive line in the East, connecting the extremity of Galicia with the extremity of East Prussia. But a shortened line through Brest-Litovsk would no less certainly favor the Russian defence, and it is here that the stand will probably be made. But the problem is not one of ground. It is rather whether the Russians, in spite of losing ground, can keep their armies in being.

THE week on the Western Front has been compara-



tively uneventful, and the chief interest of the news issued by both sides lies in the discussion of the importance of the recent German successes in the Argonne. The French state that the ground lost is nowhere more than a third of a mile in depth, while some of the lost positions have already been retaken. The most serious statement in the German claims (and this the French *communiqué* does not dispute) is that as the result of a month's fighting in this region 7,000 French prisoners have been taken. If an advance on Verdun from the north was the object of the Crown Prince's activity in the Argonne, it is easy to understand why German activity has this week been directed chiefly against Les Eparges, a key position to Verdun on the south-east. These persistent attacks were all repulsed. Elsewhere the Germans have usually been the attacking party, but in Alsace the French have a small advance to their credit. Little has happened on the British front.

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AFTER several weeks of inaction, the Italians report an appreciable success in their offensive towards Trieste. The Austrian lines are permanent fortifications, elaborately strengthened with steel, concrete, mines, and disappearing wire, which lies flat on the ground during a bombardment and is pulled tight only when a charge has to be stopped. On the Isonzo front, the Italians are struggling to take the Carso plateau, between Monfalcone (which they hold) and Gorizia (still in Austrian possession). The Italian attack has since Sunday been general. It took one of the vital points of the defence, Monte San Michele, and as many as 2,500 prisoners. The Austrians state that this position was recaptured, and that everywhere else, especially at the bridgehead of Gorizia, the attacks were bloodily repulsed. The struggle, in hilly country against prepared positions, resembles that in the Arras district, and may not end any more promptly. The Italian fleet, which has been active and successful in its operations amongst the Dalmatian islands, has suffered the loss of a good pre-Dreadnought cruiser, the "Giuseppe Garibaldi," by a submarine attack.

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THE urgent need of supplying the Turks with ammunition has led Germany to make a somewhat menacing approach to Roumania. There have even been rumors of an ultimatum, demanding the free passage of warlike supplies within a month. The fact seems to be that there was what Austrian diplomatists described last July as "a *démarche* with a time limit." The former ally is offered sundry bribes for her friendly neutrality, the cession of part of the Bukovina, and privileges for the Roumanians of Transylvania. In return for her active aid she would receive Russian Bessarabia (inhabited by Roumanians) and part of the Banat, with full autonomy for Transylvania. The position is extremely critical, and Roumania's answer may turn on the readiness of Russia to agree to some solution of the destiny of Constantinople other than a Russian annexation. If Roumania should be bribed or bullied into allowing the passage of shells for Turkey, the prospect of forcing the Dardanelles, which has lately seemed to improve, will again be clouded.

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THE whole Balkan drama seems indeed to be moving to some climax. The Bulgarian Premier, in an interview with the "Temps," has made the unexpected statement that his country may not much longer be able to preserve her neutrality. M. Radoslavoff insists only on the cession of Bulgarian Macedonia as the price of joining the Allies, and does not mention Kavala. On the other hand, he states frankly that he is also negotiating with

Turkey for the cession of the narrow strip of territory through which the Dedeagatch railway runs. Railway traffic with Turkey has been stopped by Bulgaria. All the Balkan States, in short, are up for auction, and it is the more flexible and determined diplomacy which will secure them. In Greece, meanwhile, the Court is still in the ascendant, and on the pretext of the King's illness, the meeting of the Chamber has been adjourned for another month in spite of the Venezelist protest.

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THE failure of the renewed conference between Mr. Runciman and the Miners' Executive on Saturday in last week brought the nation and our allies into a situation of acute anxiety. There were 200,000 men out on strike. The Government having launched its unhappy proclamation, bringing the industry under the Munitions Act, had nominated a tribunal under that Act; but the proclamation had had no other effect than that of confirming the suspicions and resentment of the workpeople. Fortunately, the proclamation has been treated as a dead letter. A change of policy was adopted on Monday, when Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Runciman, and Mr. Henderson travelled down to Cardiff and entered into new negotiations with the Executive. There followed protracted sittings of forty-two hours, which resulted in new proposals for settlement, and an immediate and unanimous appeal from the Executive to the miners to resume work. This happened on Tuesday. The next morning the delegates met, and accepted the terms of settlement with scarcely a dissident. After this had been done the three Ministers entered, the Chairman announced the result to Mr. Lloyd George in a speech promising co-operation, the three Ministers all spoke, and in a few hours the men in all the surrounding valleys were descending the pits again.

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THE new terms of settlement are an improvement on the old from the men's point of view; they clear away certain obscurities, and they represent in other respects a definite concession to the demands of the men. Roughly, it is true to say that the men have gained all that they asked except their proposal that the agreement should last for three years. This proposal was one of great importance, and we have already given our opinion that in substance it was just and proper. If the workmen are to lay on one side the weapon of the strike, it is essential that they should not be exposed to the risks of a slump in prices at a time when their war concessions have reduced their strength. On this point, the settlement represents a compromise, and it is provided that the agreement shall stand for six months from the termination of the war.

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MR. LLOYD GEORGE's speech was quite in his happiest vein. He did not lecture, or scold, or criticize. He told the miners that "it is a source of joy to me, a joy beyond any words that I can give you, that I am going back, having shaken hands with my fellow-workmen in the South Wales Minefield." He implored the miners to bury the past in the deepest mine in South Wales, and to redouble their efforts in order to make up for lost time in the cause of their own country and in the cause of France, the great champion of democracy. In a few powerful passages he painted the realities of this terrible struggle and its significance for all the world. It was a moving little speech, and it made a profound impression. We hope that Mr. Lloyd George will see that so long as he follows his best impulses, and remembers his best traditions, he can elicit the best energies of his fellow-countrymen. No Munitions Bill



can do this. A word of praise is also due to Mr. Runciman, who has shown great skill and patience, and was large-minded enough to concur in the modification of his own terms, on the basis of which the settlement was built up.

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THE Bill for limiting the price of coal at the pithead passed its second reading on Monday, after a debate which only served to show how inadequate a measure it is. Mr. Runciman said that it was not practicable to apply the Bill to contracts, and yet the Bill is introduced after the time when contracts are usually made. Then, for keeping down the profits of dealers, we are to rely on goodwill and agreements. The truth surely is that the Bill does not touch the main problem, which is to make provision for the proper supply and distribution of coal during the war. This affects our ally, France, as much as a failure to produce coal owing to a strike. Why do not the Government recognize that the time has come for adopting the policy contemplated by the Departmental Committee last March, the policy of assuming national control of the output of the collieries, with a view to regulating prices and distribution in accordance with national requirements? In Committee, the Government adhered to the main lines of the Bill, but hinted at relief for municipalities and public utility companies that had concluded contracts.

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THE Prime Minister asked on Tuesday for a new Vote of Credit for £150,000,000, which brings up the total amount asked for since the war began to over one thousand millions. This, in Mr. Asquith's opinion, makes us "absolutely secure" till the end of September. The fixing of the sum now asked for seems to depend on two main considerations—first, the prospect of a considerable addition to the daily war cost of three millions, and, secondly, that "the item of advances to the Allies" may, in the Prime Minister's words, "grow with the adhesion to our cause of States which did not take part in the war in its earlier stages." This hint is taken to point to the coming in of Bulgaria, a contingency of the utmost value, but dependent, we think, on a firm guarantee to that State that the rights the Allies secure to her in Macedonia and elsewhere shall not be taken from her after the war.—Meanwhile an extra-Parliamentary Committee has been formed for suggesting ways and means of economy in public and private expenditure, and a strong deputation has impressed on Mr. Asquith the necessity of an early resort to taxation. In reply the Prime Minister hinted at a lowering of the income-tax levels. The new Budget will probably meet Parliament on its reassembling in the middle of September.

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MR. BONAR LAW had an inspiring theme for his maiden speech as Colonial Minister in the House of Commons on Wednesday, and he certainly did justice to it in his interesting survey of the war as it has been carried on in the Colonies. The fate of the Colonies depends on the fate of the war in Europe, but the fate of the Colonial wars throws an important light on the character of the nations engaged in them. Mr. Bonar Law was justified in pointing with pride to the prowess shown by our Colonists in these several campaigns. The Germans started with the advantage in preparations, but our Colonists had come out of these wars with the greatest credit. Almost the entire British population had fought in Nigeria, Togoland, and other African Colonies, and the spirit of Clive was the spirit of Britons everywhere. It is specially gratifying, too, that the natives have stood

by us; Mr. Bonar Law's brief history of German South-West Africa, with its record of cruel repression, explains why our rule, with all its stains on its past, is welcomed by men who have been governed by German officials. And, of course, in this picture there stands out the great achievement of General Botha; an achievement that sheds lustre alike on the Dutch race and on the statesmanship that has known how to win its friendship.

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WHILE the Washington Cabinet was still considering its reply to the German note, a fresh reminder has arrived that the submarine campaign has not changed its character. Shortly after leaving Liverpool, the British liner "Orduña" sighted a submarine. There was no warning, and she just contrived to change her course in time to avoid a torpedo. She was then shelled, but suffered no casualties. As she had American passengers on board, the incident has made its due impression on American opinion. It is understood that Dr. Wilson's note will be a warning to Germany that any further loss of American lives will be regarded as "an unfriendly act." It must not be forgotten that while the inhumanity of German methods has stirred public feeling to its depths, America retains a sense of grievance against this country on the ground of the irregularity of our long-distance blockade, which even the resentment against German terrorism has not sufficed to obliterate. A note has been sent to the Foreign Office warning us that the proceedings of our Prize Courts in administering the Order in Council will not be recognized by the States, and a further note is on its way protesting against "the British blockade of the Scandinavian coasts."

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THE Liquor Control Board has now made orders regulating the sale and supply of liquor in licensed premises and clubs in several of the areas which it covers. Treating and sales on credit are prohibited. The hours for the sale of liquor are generally to be from noon to 2.30 p.m. and from 6 to 9 p.m. (in certain areas from 6 to 8 p.m.), but licensed premises are to be left open for the sale of solid refreshments and non-alcoholic liquor for the full hours allowed by the ordinary law. Exceptions are made in favor of actual residents in hotels, but the *bonâ fide* traveller and the customer of the railway refreshment room are to lose their special privileges. The "off" sale of spirits is only permitted in the opening hours, and only on five days in the week. Another provision, which will be regarded by the licensed trade as a concession, allows whisky, brandy, and rum to be sold at 35 degrees under proof, instead of at 25, as at present. The licensed victualler will also welcome the stringent provisions adapted from the Scottish Law for checking the hawking of liquor from carts, vans, and baskets.

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THE orders afford no evidence of any action in what we regard as, perhaps, the most important department of the Board's work—the improvement of the facilities for obtaining meals in and near ammunition works, shipbuilding yards, and docks; but we understand that this object is not lost sight of, and that new canteens are springing up in areas which have been visited. Nothing, however, has as yet been done in the way of direct management by the State. Probably the Board is waiting to see the effect of regulation and stimulation. We trust, however, that an experiment of this kind will speedily be made in some suitable area, of workable size, and fairly isolated from outside influences.



## Politics and Affairs.

### SURSUM CORDA!

THERE has always been a danger lest, amid the great spectacular events of the war, its meaning and purpose should be hidden. There are those who maintain that there is no meaning in this array of vast masses of ignorant nation-armies, meeting in a clash that can have no decisive end. We do not take this view. The war has clearly revealed the German intention that European civilization shall take the turn it desires, and that what it cannot achieve by resolute permeation it will accomplish by force. That attitude is a menace to inter-State life. It cannot be compromised with, it can only be defeated, and defeated not merely by the exercise of superior power, but by the dedication of that power to ends directed to liberty and the peace that liberty brings. Before this dreadful struggle is over, humanity will have suffered so much that it will either call on its present rulers to go or to insure them against a society in which such an enterprise is possible, and can only be repelled at the cost of desolating and depopulating a continent. In other words, the victory of the Allies must be a moral, no less than a material, victory. Our reactionaries at home obscure this truth, imagining that an England modelled on Prussian ideas will be worth living in if it be temporarily fortified against a victory of Prussian arms. They would, therefore, leave us fighting for nothing in the world of ideas, and only for a kind of national existence from which our best qualities would be eliminated.

If, therefore, we would keep the national spirit firm and high, we must encourage it to believe that whatever the excellence of German organization may be, whatever successes it may temporarily secure against the less perfect organization of the Allies, its ends are so intolerable to mankind, and so inferior to our own in the general welfare and happiness they bring with them, that it cannot prevail. Join to these considerations the larger physical and geographical elements in the contest. Suppose the German successes to continue while our own physical and spiritual opposition to German militarism is maintained. Suppose Russia driven from Warsaw, or even from the line of the Bug, or even from Petrograd; suppose—and it is an extreme proposition—that France and Britain together can for months do no more than hold the line of the Aisne. How is Germany advantaged, so long as Hamburg and Bremen remain closed, her ships of war and peace idle as painted ships, her colonies in the grip of our navy, her overseas trade, and the costly enterprises which support it, devoted to ruin? Suppose again the occupation of Paris. That event would not avert this bankruptcy of industrial Germany, nor stay its inevitable reaction on the German population, beginning with the great industrial elements that were driven into the war, or only accepted it on the false plea of its defensive character. Military and despotic Germany and free constitutional England remaining irreconcilably opposed on vital issues of liberty and government for themselves and for Western

Europe, and we being determined to resist her hegemony so long as sea-power keeps our shores and Empire inviolate, there can be no victory for her. Time only makes that victory more remote. Perilous enterprises in fields separated by thousands of miles only bring nearer the exhaustion of final defeat. So long as our moral quarrel with her continues, she can reap no substantial gains from the fact that her great military skill enables her to retain some of the fruits of her lawlessness. She has to go on to conquests far more extended than her desperate phalanx has yet envisaged. She has to bear down our mind and will, as well as the mind and will of our Allies.

All the more, therefore, does such a situation call for what Lord Haldane calls "clear thinking" on the part of the directors of the nation. If Russia's defeats continue, we must contemplate a long defensive campaign on her part; and some, though not a great addition, to the German forces in the West. In other words, we arrive at the idea and the plan of a war of attrition more definitely than at any other stage of the war. Any man of imagination can realize how stern and concentrated must be the intellectual and moral appeal to a people called on to sustain a conflict of this character. Mr. Wells holds that "an immense note of interrogation" hangs over the theory that the principle of free co-operation can secure for democracy a degree of efficiency superior in the end to the force-organization on which bureaucratic Germany relies. But cannot the leading spirits in a democracy think for it, act for it, organize it, without forcing its body and directing its mind in the German fashion? We believe that they can, and that in the end, if the best men come quickly enough to the front, they will produce a more original and fruitful genius to counter-work the higher German level of general efficiency. But they must act with some consistency and forethought, for war is not an ideal field for exercising the kind of human vanity known as going-as-you-please. They must live with realities, not with forensic symbols of them. They must not, for example, produce a scheme for coercing workmen only to abandon it in hot haste when the first serious economic difficulty besets them. Having decided that the war is to be one of attrition, they must put in execution of that plan the General best fitted to carry it out, and arrange in concert with the French authorities the form of strategy and tactics most consistent with the scheme. Having begun the war with voluntary service, they must abstain from the suicidal act of destroying the bridge that has carried them half-way over the stream. They should, therefore, early decide what contribution the nation can afford to make to the war in (a) soldiers and sailors, (b) munitions and their manufacture for ourselves and for our allies, and (c) financial aid to the common cause. When that distribution of forces has been thought out, we shall discover and reveal to the world, friendly and hostile, not merely the uselessness of conscription, but the special character and supreme value of our threefold part in the Entente. It is far from easy to organize an industrial nation for fighting. It is equally hard to govern a great modern community,



in the midst of a mighty war, mainly by persuasion and conciliation. But it happens to be the traditional and indispensable means of governing British men and women. Apply this result to the problems of the war, and victory seems to us certain. But it is by no means certain if the country is to be distracted and depressed by vain or evil counsel, or if its leaders fail in loyalty to each other, in diligent search for the best talent and highest serviceableness that the nation affords, and in the wise ordering of it when it has been discovered. "We shall be cut to the quick," said a keen observer of the war in its relationship to the national character. Well, we shall be rudely tested, but neither now nor at any future hour of trial will a true lover of his country, with a sympathetic knowledge of her merits, either speak or think of failure.

### THE BURDEN OF SISYPHUS.

THE moment seems to be approaching when a new and great call will be made upon every member of the Allied nations for the final stuff without which no victory can be secured—*moral*. Strange compound that it is of fiction and fact, of imagination and of will, it is this which in the last resort snatches victory even from defeat. Warsaw, the great city which in its very stones epitomizes centuries of history, and which has unconsciously, and indeed unreasonably, fastened upon the imagination of the people of this country as the symbol of Russian power, will, in all probability, fall into German hands. It is rumored that the Kaiser is already making preparations for a spectacular entry into the city. He may even perpetrate the melodramatic stroke, carefully rehearsed for the October approach to Warsaw, and place, after five generations, another Saxon King on a Polish throne. It may be assumed that the occupation of the city will be carefully staged, so as to extract from it the maximum moral value and impress the world with the invincibility of the German arms. In the degree in which they achieve this the Germans will have been victorious. The greatest blow they can strike against the Allies is to arouse in the minds of their peoples a feeling of depression, of insecurity; a fear that there is some uncanny force in the German arms against which it is hopeless to fight.

There is no need to minimize the achievement of the German armies. To appreciate it at its just value is to realize that the Germans, no more than the Allies, are emancipated from arithmetic and the principles which govern strategy and tactics. They are fighting, at this moment, against one enemy who cannot be seduced or deceived—Time; and they are making an extraordinary effort to put Russia out of action before Time can come to her assistance. In the south-east, clouds are gathering. If the Dardanelles should fall quickly, the Balkan question would take on a new and sinister orientation for Germany. It is her endeavor to anticipate so critical a condition, even if she cannot find a solution to her own advantage. But in saying this we are suggesting that the occupation of Warsaw, whatever its political and moral significance, is not of prime importance from a military point of view. It is not even the main German objective.

The end which the German Staff has set before itself is simply the immobilization of the Russian armies. It aims at so dealing with the armed force of Russia that there need be no fear in that quarter for at least some months, during which an appreciable part of the Germanic armies may be engaged elsewhere: either against the Western front or perhaps in succouring Turkey. Now to immobilize Russia one of two things is necessary. Either a very large proportion of the forces in the field must be so handled that, like part of the force on the Dunajec in the beginning of May, they lose cohesion and are therefore not available as an effective unit for some time to come, or the bulk of the Russian forces must be pushed behind some obstacle which, with minimum troops, will prevent them taking the offensive. The present operations, therefore, do not regard the war so much as the character of the war for some little time to come; the point at issue is the question of delay. This is, of course, our way of looking at it; the Germans, with an incurable optimism, may fancy that the sequence of the last two months, clinched by the enforced evacuation of Warsaw and the not too remote threat towards Petrograd from Riga, may destroy Russia's appetite for war and induce her to listen to German reason. Such an event has only this to be said for it: it is on a par with the revolutions and defections which Germany hoped for in the British Empire at the outbreak of the war. It is a characteristic misreading of national psychology and history.

But Warsaw is not evacuated yet, and there is some obscurity in the immediate German plans. It is difficult to say where the main blow is to be delivered. The disposition of the German forces is nowhere so unequal, taking into account the terrain and the strength of the Russian armies, as to suggest anything in the nature of the huge blow which drove in the Dunajec line. Warsaw at present makes a dangerous salient towards the west, and it may be the Germans are visualizing an immensely magnified Sedan, to be achieved by simultaneously driving across from the Narew and up from the south across the Ivangorod-Kovno railway. It does not seem very probable that they look upon such an achievement as within the bounds of the practicable; but it may be that they will strive by these tactics to hamper the orderly evacuation of the salient. The German force between the Vistula and the Bug is not disproportionately large, considering the difficulties of the country in which it is operating and the fact that the Russian forces in that area are among the best which Russia can put into the field. Mackensen is advancing here slowly, and the force on the Narew is making little progress. At the same time, the upper Bug has been crossed at Sokal, and the move upon Riga threatens to outflank the northern armies. These and other blows, disparate as they seem, are correlated, we cannot doubt, to some great plan, and from their nature it seems more probable that the Germans are still attempting the more grandiose alternative for immobilizing the Russian forces. They seem to be still aiming at cutting up the Russian forces into sections, and driving them in confusion from the field. Clearly, if the Germans can outflank the Russians from Riga, break through the Russian lines on the Narew



behind Warsaw from the south, and across the Bug, the Russian forces will be cut into four parts, and it would be open to the Germans to attack and defeat each section in turn, if they had not been too severely dealt with in breaking the lines. But how many times have the Russian lines been broken and healed again? With Ruzsky again in the field, taking charge of the north and west, and Ivanoff in the south, with the Russians dealing with their own instrument—the land of rivers, lakes, woods, and marshes, the real defeat of the Russian armies by any forces that Germany can put into the field may almost be relegated to the heaven of German dreams. In spite of the fact that the munitionment of Russia is more seriously defective than anyone supposed, there can be little doubt that the evacuation of Warsaw and the Vistula line, if it must take place, as seems now almost inevitable, will be carried out in perfect order when the Russian commanders decide. The evacuation of the advanced positions in the Przasnysz region and about the Bzura has clearly been effected under no compulsion. At each step the Russian commanders exacted as large a price as possible before withdrawing. That, one may be reasonably sure, will be the character of the retreat until the Russians have established equilibrium with the enemy.

And what of the future? It may be supposed that the German effort, failing of its main effect, will aim at imposing the barrier of the Vistula between Germany and the Russians. But there can be no real security in such a position. The Vistula, which is a very strong line for a force facing westward, is by no means so strong towards the east. If the Germans, by compelling the Russians to fall back, rob them of an advantage, they certainly do not gain a corresponding advantage. They are already across the Vistula, and presumably their new line, pivoting on Ivangorod, would stretch across towards the east. But to establish and hold a line in this region against unbroken armies with the possession of the network of railways to the north and north-east, does not offer a very rosy vista even to the German imagination. The Russians will fall back no farther than they must, and if the Germans cross the Vistula to continue the battle, they will find themselves faced by the mere fringes of the eternal problem of Russia. They will meet a concentrated army on ground of its own choosing, with conditions of transport more congenial to the Russians than to themselves. Where they will find the pen which shall herd in the Russian forces until they have accomplished some design on some other front is difficult to conjecture. There are suggestions that the Germans will hold the Russians somewhere, and detach a force to march upon Kiev and so upon Odessa, to turn the Balkan problem in their favor. To do this they must break through the Russian lines, and divide their own force. They may undertake such an adventure, for they may undertake anything. But to shoulder such risks, unless the Russian armies are completely broken, would seem to savor of madness.

At present, though the air is full of possibilities, there is no sign that the Russian armies will not be equal to all the greater eventualities. As surely as the Germans will be required to pay for each step of advance,

behind the Russian lines munitions and reinforcements will be gathering. Sisyphus, the father of the sea-god, craftiest of men, put even Death into fetters for a time, and then found himself rolling his burden up the steep hill, only to find it a dead weight ready to fall upon him. That would seem to be the position of the German forces to-day. With undisputed courage, with skill and will, they have been engaged for some ten weeks rolling back the Russian force. But the force is still there, resting against their lines. They are nowhere near the crest of the hill yet. As it has been, so, one may imagine, it will be. As soon as the Germans relax their pressure, the Russian line will begin to move forward again. The Russian soldiers have sustained their cheerfulness and courage under tremendous handicaps. A proportion of the army at this moment is composed of men who are virtually non-combatants. But they will fight on. There is no sign of faltering in the Russian leading. With the same high courage that has ever subordinated every sentiment to military advantages, they will give up Warsaw when it is necessary. But as they crossed the Vistula in October, when they had brought the German momentum to zero, so they will advance once more when the time comes. And that will be the end for Germany. The Germans have done the incredible; they cannot achieve the impossible.

#### THE MORAL OF SOUTH WALES.

MANY people find in the events of the last fortnight in South Wales a curious and bewildering problem. They know that the miners have enlisted in great numbers, and that those who have seen anything of their work and conduct or prowess as soldiers speak in the highest terms of their sense of duty and their soldierly spirit and endurance. At an early stage of the war the streets of Cardiff were packed with men from the mines, who slept on the pavement in order to present themselves at the recruiting office in the early morning. Yet one and the same population displays at one moment this ardent patriotism, and at another what appears to be a flagrant disregard of the nation's interest and the nation's safety. How is this contrast to be explained? There are some who account for it by supposing that the patriotic miners are in the Army, and that it is the indifferent or disloyal who have remained at home. But nobody can seriously accept this hypothesis. The men at home are not made of different stuff from those who are gone: they are of the same blood; some newspaper correspondent has pointed out that almost every leader has a son or sons in the fighting line. No doubt there are among the miners at home many who do not share the enthusiasm of the miner recruits, and some who take a different view of the country's situation, but to say that is merely to say that the mining population is like every other class, and it brings us no nearer to an answer to the question.

The truth surely is to be found in noting the difference between the position of the miner who enlists and the miner at home in respect of the effect on his imagination of the service he is rendering the nation. An army, raised in such circumstances as the present, is a body of men who are all united in a common purpose. This



unity, this devotion of self to a noble aim, this sense of the gravity and tragedy of its task, are impressed on its mind by drill, with its rhythm and order and discipline; the swing of an army on the march beats time to a resolute music, in which men think of themselves as part of a great enterprise and a great sacrifice. Who then would play his part better in such a character than the miner whose daily life is a daily danger, who has been famous for generations for the heroism with which he faces death in its most terrible forms when there are comrades to be rescued, whose sense of loyalty to his fellows has never flinched from peril or from suffering? The very qualities that make a miner so good a trade unionist make him an ideal soldier.

It is clear that in the searching ordeal of a war such as this, all the nation should be doing its work in the spirit of these miner soldiers. We may say indeed of a Government at such a time that this is the chief test of its capacity to govern. Does it succeed or does it fail in making the man who is doing the same work that he does in peace realize that he is serving the nation, that he owes it all the strength and energy of his mind and body just as much as if he were marching in the ranks, that the nation, so often seen as a body of discordant and struggling interests, is now just as much one in purpose and in spirit as the Army that faces the enemy in Flanders? Let us consider the position of the miner in regard to this demand on the imagination. The mining population of South Wales illustrates perhaps in its most complete form the crude vision of society which inspired the English upper class during the Industrial Revolution. Capital was the great magician, and the nation that would really prosper and progress was the nation that handed men and women over to its mercies with the least compunction. Life had no value or meaning except in relation to this sovereign power. The State had no responsibilities except the responsibility to give capital the fullest play. How men and women lived, what happened to their minds or their bodies, whether they had any pleasure or sunshine in their lives, these questions were of no importance. Capital provided the treadmill, and the way in which workpeople were to help civilization was by doing their daily round. Men like Whitbread who wanted them to be educated, men like Fielden or Shaftesbury who wanted them to have a little leisure, men like Chadwick who wanted them to have habitable cities, not to speak of the Chartists who dared to think of them as citizens, all reformers alike had to struggle against this settled view that the working classes were merely the servants of the industrial system, that their homes were its barracks, and that the main purpose they fulfilled under God's sun was the pockets of their masters. This view has been very gradually undermined by the struggles of the working classes, who have best served the State when they have revolted most vigorously against these degrading conceptions. But it is still powerful, and its spirit is stamped on the face of our society in such districts as those of South Wales, where the energy and imagination of man has gone into shafts and engines, and the needs of human life are interpreted in primitive and savage arrangements that treat many of the decencies of

civilized existence as if they did not count at all in human happiness or social welfare.

If all your arrangements are designed to teach men not to think of themselves as citizens, and to impress upon them that their life is, in the main, an incessant struggle with this grim and inhuman power, you cannot expect that teaching to have no effect when a crisis comes. Yet if the Government had shown appreciation from the first of the psychological elements of the problem, this crisis would have been avoided. What has happened is this: When war broke out the working classes postponed their demands and prepared to accept its sacrifices, in the belief that the nation would show the same spirit. Then came the rise in prices and the disappointing answers of the Government to demands for regulation. For the working classes the spell was gone. The war was not to be a great common effort and a great common sacrifice after all; it was to be another chapter in the history of the industrial struggle. Then came the several conflicts in the different industries. The South Wales miners made demands which the owners refused to consider. Ill-feeling naturally developed, and it led to suspicions not only of the owners, but of the Government, until the men took a lamentable step as a protest against what they considered to be an unjust and invidious treatment. But if we go back to our original point of contrast, we have to ask ourselves what in all these months the Government had done to inspire these miners, whose willing labour was essential to our safety, with the spirit of their comrades under arms. And the answer is less than nothing. Clearly the first step should have been to remove this element of industrial strife, with all its traditions and its afterthoughts, from the coalfields; to tell the men that they were national servants not in name only but in fact. It makes one despair to see newspapers talk of resolution in dragooning and coercing the workmen as the test of true government. The test of true government is to be found in making every class realize the supreme issues for which we are fighting, and that cannot be done by making the working classes think that the State does not dare to take control of industries in the hands of rich men even in such a crisis as this. No illusion is more dangerous than the illusion that a Munitions Bill can take the place of imagination or sympathy in statesmanship, and the fate of the Government's first experiment in the coercion of labor should be a grave warning to them to stay the first advances to conscription. We said at the beginning of the war that in a great trial of endurance for causes the working classes were not likely to fail, for they alone were in the habit of facing starvation for an ideal of freedom. If a Government cannot enlist that spirit in the national service there must be something radically wrong with its methods.

#### "DOWN WITH NEUTRALS!"

NOT the least disservice rendered to this country by the Yellow Press is the creation of an atmosphere round the difficult problems of international relationships which



makes rational discussion of such problems almost impossible. Never was this difficulty more signally demonstrated than in the present discussion concerning contraband and cotton. "Every pound of cotton imported into Germany," shrieks one newspaper, "means the death of a British soldier." Another gravely announces that the war would to-day be at an end if the British Fleet had prevented the importation of cotton into Germany. A third mourns over "the thousands of British lives" which have been lost owing to the same cause: exciting all who have given those they have loved to the service of their country into a belief that these would be alive to-day but for the apathy, indifference, or fear of their rulers. In Parliament an energetic but imperfectly informed critic announces that if "we had not supplied Germany with cotton" she would not have been able to make high explosive shells. Debate conducted in such an atmosphere of ignorance and hysteria must of necessity take upon itself elements of unreality. Not a scrap of cotton goes or has ever gone to the making of high explosive shells. Not one British life would have been saved to-day if no bale of cotton had entered Germany since the commencement of the war. And if every pound of imported cotton means the death of a British soldier, we must have already lost many millions of lives unincorporated in the published list of casualties.

The truth is, of course, that the question of cotton, carrying with it also the question of contraband and blockade, is probably the most difficult of any with which any War Government of these islands has had to deal. The idea, sedulously spread by the more hysterical critics, that a Government which included amongst others Sir Edward Grey, Lord Kitchener, and Lord Haldane, has only just become conscious (through the information of the *Yellow Press*) that cotton is a normal ingredient of modern propellant explosive, is an idea which belongs to the region of dreams. It is not too much to assume that from the very beginning of the war, nearly a year ago, cotton and its treatment have formed the subject of continuous discussion by the Cabinet—of continuous negotiation between Sir Edward Grey and the various neutral countries involved. Nor can any sane person believe that any compromises or seemingly doubtful proclamations issued from time to time have been accepted out of any consideration of the desires of Germany and her confederates in arms. Cotton is a useful, if not an indispensable, element in modern warfare. Germany had in possession an immense supply before the war; and only after a year of it has she found it necessary to divert the whole of that supply (if the newspaper information is correct) from civil to military purposes. Nevertheless, if in any degree the curtailment of cotton supply would cause Germany discomfort or hamper her military operations, and we could cut off that supply without greater injury to our interests elsewhere, it would be criminal folly if we did not immediately take that action. And, indeed, we seem for the time to have effected such a result: for the Chairman of the War Trade Committee, Lord Emmott, himself a cotton specialist, was able to declare last week in the House of Lords, that at the present time the Government have control of the cotton question—that neither directly nor

through neutral countries is any appreciable quantity of cotton entering Germany. There remains, however, the delicate international question of our treatment of neutrals, by which such a consummation has been attained, and the problem raised by the difficulty of the maintenance of the present position, when the pressure of the owners of the new American cotton crop begins to be exercised on an American Government which is elected to protect their interests, and is dependent on their votes.

There is one solution which seems so simple that the plain man cannot understand why it is not adopted. Declare cotton absolute contraband of war. Confiscate any ship containing cotton, to whatever Power it belongs, which is trying to get into a German port. Assert also the doctrine of "continuous voyage"; discover whether any cotton consigned to Holland, Sweden, Denmark, or Norway is, as a matter of fact, going to be transhipped to Germany; and if so, confiscate also ship and cargo. In a moment the business is done; Germany is deprived of her ammunition. And if any neutral nations protest, tell them either that we are fighting for our existence, and that "necessity knows no law" (or certainly no international law), or that we are fighting for the liberties of the world, and that therefore they ought to acclaim rather than to criticize our conduct; or (if they still prove a nuisance) remind them that we have a Navy strong enough to rule all the seas, and that we still have spare ships which can be used against any protesters who attempt to convert their words into deeds. This is being recommended as the "good old British way." Some such similar action united against us in active warfare or armed neutrality the whole civilized world a hundred years ago; even at the end dragging us into a dreary fight with the United States. But the memory of that experience is unlikely to excite any rational statesmen to a repetition of such follies.

But for Germany's recent action, it would indeed seem difficult for us to declare cotton absolute contraband. Against any such course adopted by other nations, we have always led the opposition. In 1904, with a Conservative Government in power, Russia, in the Russo-Japanese War, declared cotton absolute contraband. We at once protested, and ensured its removal to the conditional list. Later, in the Declaration of London debates, with a Liberal Government in power, it was the representatives of Great Britain who insisted on cotton being placed on the free list. The mere abrogation of these documents would not satisfy neutrals, or such interests as those of the American Cotton States, who wish to know whether England's command of the seas is to justify her in making or unmaking international law just as it suits her convenience of the moment.

Doubtless if Germany has diverted all cotton supplies to the purposes of munitions of war, a new situation has arisen, and the declaration of cotton as absolute contraband can be justified before the civilized world; as unchallengeable as that of arms or high explosives. But even then the difficult question of the treatment of cotton destined to other neutral countries remains. We have declared by Order in Council a "kind of blockade" of Germany, a blockade which (the countries affected



maintain) fails to carry out the functions of blockade as understood in international law. The contention is that so long as Sweden can freely trade with Germany across the Baltic, no condition of blockade exists which international law can recognize; and that on past precedents America is as justified in demanding the right to trade with Sweden as freely as with South America. Again, any policy of treatment of neutral shipping requires examination, not only of the destination of the ship, but of its origin. The American cotton crop is rapidly ripening, and dealings in it will shortly begin. The Government rests on the support of the Democratic States, and would fall without such support. The makers of munitions of war which are being sold to the Allies are in the main Republican. Such facts might offer subject for reflection to those who write defiantly to the papers from Hornsey or Tooting, exclaiming that, whatever our policy, America will never go to war with us, and can in any case do us no injury. How if the reply of America to the ruin of the Cotton States be the prohibition of the exports of munitions? The suggested purchase of the whole export American cotton crop—half of which, in normal years, goes to Germany and Austria—is a possible device. But it cannot but present difficulties to a Chancellor of the Exchequer concerned with the American Exchange.

Only the Government can deal with the question. Only the Foreign Secretary can have at his disposal all the facts that make a right decision possible. The madness of the howling dervishes in the newspapers, with their bits of imperfect scientific knowledge and ill-comprehended international law, and their doctrine of "to hell with neutrals," can do nothing but harm. It is exciting anger amongst those neutral countries to which such newspapers penetrate, and in whose own press these grotesque articles are reproduced. Here, more than in any question which the war has aroused, the policy of trusting the Government is the only possible policy for any patriot to advocate: for the Government alone have the facts, and all critics are but blundering in darkness. No one who has studied the present condition of neutral opinion concerning the "Freedom of the Seas," or the desirability of forming a "League of Neutrals" against British-made international law, or who appreciates the infinite difference to us at this time between a friendly and a hostile American neutrality, will attempt in any way to hasten or deflect the most momentous decisions they will be compelled to take.

### A London Diary.

For eyes that can read the signs of the times, the South Wales settlement seems to deal a pretty heavy blow at conscription. The ink is hardly dry on the proclamation under the Munitions Act before its author tears it up, and conducts a brilliantly successful campaign of conciliation. Who believed in this parade of force? No one who had studied British trade unionism. Who

that knew Mr. George's powers of persuasion did not grieve when they saw him slipping into all sorts of crude thoughts and experiments in coercion? You want the nation to be one—in effect it *must* be one—if it is to help win the war. Then turn a stone ear to the counsellors of violent division. You want the workpeople to feel that all the sacrifices you ask of them are required, not as masters call on slaves to lay their table or smooth their couch for them, but as men and women call to their friends in a common hour of peril or sorrow. A century ago we were in the first kind of association; now we should be in the second. If not, then the old divisions will appear, for the workpeople are now instructed, organized sharers, if only imperfect sharers, in the thought of the best-tilled minds.

THE disclosure by the "North-German Gazette" of the terms of the Haldane negotiations of 1912 and their sequel is obviously a very partial affair. Germany states only what seems to help her, and omits the blot which spoiled all. I think her quotation of the Bethmann-Hollweg formula, and of our answering formula, is literally correct; it is at least in harmony with Mr. Asquith's description of them at Cardiff. What is the clear moral? The Berlin negotiations were not initiated by us. The Kaiser asked for them; we merely responded to them. But the response was a handsome one. We, on her admission, offered to abstain from any unprovoked attack on Germany, to refrain from an aggressive policy towards her, and to conclude no new agreement with that end. Germany asked for a general declaration of benevolent neutrality. Thus far both versions agree. What Germany does not give is the reasons why a bargain was not struck. But they are obvious. The German formula must have dissolved the Triple Entente and given Germany a free hand for the attack on Belgium and France which she in fact executed. The Haldane negotiations did not pass without such a representation to her. What was Germany's answer?

BUT let us suppose that Germany did creep a little nearer the Haldane formula. Why in substance did she refuse it? The "Cologne Gazette" omits to say that it did not stand by itself, but that it was accompanied by substantial tokens of goodwill. To take one point. Did not Germany prize our offer to let the Bagdad Railway go through by withdrawing our objection to the raising of the Turkish custom duties? She must have prized it. Only, she would not pay the price. Germany must have known that if she had consented to a real modification of the new Fleet Law, peace would have been struck, and the whole face of European politics changed. We know that she would not do this, and that the Novelle disclosed a scheme of large and menacing naval augmentation. The Chancellor might have been willing; even the Kaiser might have been willing. What conclusion is possible but that the German party which made the war of 1914 tore up the peace treaty of 1912?

At this moment a certain effort is needed to keep



up one's spirits in face of the spiritual bombardment of them conducted by the Harmsworth Press with such solacing placards as "British Retreat on Aden," "Fall of Prasnysz," "Closing Round Warsaw" (announced well before the "closing round" began), "German Drive in Poland," and its general suggestion that we are a nation of slatterns in the hands of fools and half-traitors. I am bound to say I find myself a little helped by the evident anxiety of the French Press to undo the effect of such communications for its own readers, and to suggest that France's struggle for life is not supported by a set of British *vauriens*. Take for example this sketch by M. Pichon, in the "Petit Journal," of the British contribution to the allied warfare:—

"If England admires, as Lord Curzon says, our heroism and our endurance, we on our part recognize how much we owe to the Army, the Fleet, and the diplomacy of Great Britain. Many of us have never ceased throughout our lives to advocate the alliance which now unites us indissolubly with that great country. . . . We know what we owe to England, as well as to Russia, Italy, Serbia, Japan, and all our Allies. . . . We realize that the English Fleet has prevented the German Fleet, since the beginning of the war, from menacing our coasts; that it has compelled the ships, of which William II. was so proud, to hide themselves at Kiel, and destroyed those which it has been able to engage on the high seas, thus enabling us to bring supplies for our Armies across the ocean. In the bloody battles of the North and in Flanders we have witnessed the prowess and intrepid courage of troops which have been brought together by a military effort, of which there has been no parallel in history."

Is it possible, then, that, *pace* Lord Northcliffe, we have done something more than send unarmed boys to muddled deaths, and light Germany on her triumphal march to Paris and Petrograd?

MANY wayfarers beside myself must have read the news of Miss Stanley's death with a sigh for the passage of Time and the fine figures he carries away with him. Maude Stanley had the family characteristics of clearness and straightness, and also of masking her human sympathies (which were deep and broad) under a rather abrupt address. This soon wore away. If she had been a man, I suppose she would now and then have been called gruff, when, as a woman, she merely seemed candid and unsentimental. Kindness, helpfulness, open-mindedness were her real characteristics. Her house in Smith Square was something of a meeting-ground for liberal-minded folk in the days when reaction was in power, and the tide seemed to be turning very slowly.

Gossip inclines to think that if the Germans enter Warsaw, they will make their first definite political move since the war, and proclaim a Kingdom of Poland, with a sovereign in the person of the second son of the King of Saxony. This young man was brought over with the armies which failed in the first attack on Warsaw. He has been educated as a Catholic, and taught to regard himself as the heir of the old claims of the Electors of Saxony to the throne of Poland. He is said to be amiable and fairly accomplished; but to put him forward now would be a mere movement in Germanization, which the Russian Poles would probably resent or ignore.

A WAYFARER.

## IDEALS OF ORGANIZATION.

THE issues of so great a struggle as the present one are necessarily compounded of intricate and complex factors, and necessarily they change as the vast catastrophe works on. Last autumn the most obvious aspect was the combined resistance of Russia and Western Liberalism against the flamboyant Imperialism of the German Court and the Berliners. The war was dynastic. We fought the latest of the Dynasts. We resisted a vulgar, modernized Cæsarism. We did more than resist it, we broke it and defeated it. Whatever the outcome of this war, it will mean now no such triumph of Court and privilege and hereditary aristocracy as the entry of William II. into Paris in 1914 would have involved. The Marne battle ended that. Nothing is more remarkable than the relative disappearance of the Emperor and the Crown Prince—and Gott—from this struggle; it is manifest even in the post-card shops of Berlin; not even that impassioned American citizen, Mr. Viereck of the "Fatherland," would now produce poems about "Thou Prince of Peace, thou God of War!" if he wished to stir Teutonic hearts; it is another people, an altogether more respectable and more formidable people, that the allied world has to reckon with. The tawdry, intensely nationalist "imperialism" of *Unter den Linden*, the Teutonic "Gott," the "aristocratic" officer with a weakness for champagne and frightfulness, shooting of peasants, and rapes in market-places, the swagger and the uniform, and all that figured as most typically German last August, drift towards the negligible. Behind the Germany of William II., there appears the Germany of Professor Ostwald, of the Zeiss factories, of Essen, the true modern Germany, a very great and formidable nation. Its watchword is organization. It justifies its monarchy almost contemptuously. The family of Potsdam is, from the new point of view, the grain of causative matter, important only by position and function, about which there has gathered concentrically the pearl of national obedience. It is with this revealed Germany that the democratic forces of the world have now to deal. It continues the war, and it states its case anew. It is fighting extraordinarily well, far better than the headlong, boasting, threatening Germany of the Junkers which was held and repulsed on the East and on the West, and driven from the seas in 1914. And it has abandoned its reliance upon divine right for a saner and altogether more valid claim.

There comes to hand from the University of Neuchâtel a very timely and interesting pamphlet by Professor van Gennep, entitled "The Spirit of the Organization: A Contrast of the French and English Formula as Opposed to the German," in which he states what one may call the democratic-individualist point of view as opposed to the German conception of order, very brilliantly and ably. He chooses Professor Ostwald as his antagonist, and he writes his case against the German idea, be it noted, with scarcely a mention of either Nietzsche or Bernhardi. So shifts the front of the intellectual conflict. The Germany of 1915 has passed away from Bernhardi; Ostwald is its prophet. Professor Ostwald fares badly in this pamphlet, both as a dialectician and as a patriotic and amateurish ethnologist, but



Professor van Gennep has the wisdom and generosity to go behind the ill-advised forms and phrases of the great German's expression, to his fundamental proposition. That fundamental proposition is this, that "individualism" as a stage of social development has to give place to "organization"; and that "organization" is a new and higher level to which Germany is leading the nations. It is not difficult for Professor van Gennep to show that in social, intellectual, and economic development, as distinguished from political elaboration, America and France and England, and not Germany, were the pioneers of organization, and that the real opposition intended is not between order and chaos, as Professor Ostwald imagines, but between authoritative State Socialism and voluntarism—as a synonym for which Professor van Gennep frequently uses the word "co-operation." And upon the ground thus cleared Professor van Gennep draws his morals and conclusions, and frames his anticipations of the outcome of the war. He foreshadows the triumph of the individualist democratic idea, triumphing through co-operative activities that will mitigate the rigors of individual and national competition, and he conceives this triumph in an ultimately Republican United States of Europe. It is possible to sympathize very warmly with his spirit, and still doubt the validity of these hopes or the completeness of the individualist "formula" as a recipe for the most desirable social organization.

At the present time the English mind is in no mood to accept Professor van Gennep's interpretation of its motives. It is very largely occupied with a number of the less pleasing consequences of the individualist formula in practice. It is out of love with individualism. Many American minds must also be finding an interest in consequences of a kindred sort. The first of these less satisfactory consequences of individualism is the relative ineffectiveness of a democratically chosen government in all practical things. It is no use denying that the Central Powers were not only better prepared for this war at the outset, but that on the whole they have met the occasions of the war as they have so far arisen with much more collective intelligence, will power, and energy than any of the Allies, not even excepting France. They have succeeded, not merely in meeting enormous military requirements better, but in keeping the material side of their national life steadier under greater stresses. It is idle for this writer to pretend to think that the United States would make any better showing in this matter than Great Britain. The British Government has been excellent in argument and admirable in rhetoric, but it has been slack, indolent, and unready in all matters of material organization; it has muddled and wasted national feeling, and it has been manifestly afraid of the press and over-sensitive to public clamor. It has shown all the merits and failures one might have expected from a body of political lawyers, trained in the arts of making things *seem* right, wary and prepared to wait and see what chances the adversary will give, and as incapable of practical foresight, as remote from the business of making real things *go* right, as enclosed nuns. If the present governments of Great Britain and the United States are the best sort of governments that democracy can produce, then Professor Ostwald is much more right

than Professor van Gennep is prepared to confess, and democracy is bound, if not this time, then next time or the time after, to be completely overcome and superseded by some form of authoritative State organization.

And the deficiencies of the "liberty state" as we know it are by no means confined to the badness of its governmental product; that is merely the initial weakness of an extensive system of failures that this war enables very many people to realize now for the first time. The first of these problems of failure is the "shirker," who is merely in relation to the militant necessities of the situation what the "blackleg" has been to economic necessity. The thesis of democracy is that there is a nobility in men and a power in public opinion that will make all free citizens who are conscious of their citizenship, exert and sacrifice themselves for the general good to an extent greater than they would do under any sort of compulsion. An immense note of interrogation hangs over this proposition at the present time. That the disposition of the majority will be to do so is unquestionable; the perplexing question for our democratic States is, what happens in the case of the exceptions, and how these exceptions affect immediately and ultimately the morale of the general body. If the blackleg, the shirker, the grafter, the traitor, get an advantage by their exceptional refusal to behave decently, if they remain behind to breed and marry while the generous spirits go out to fight and die, if they profit and increase while honest men remain poor, then bad citizenship has "survival value" as compared with good citizenship, and there is a manifest discouragement of all the good impulses in men. Democracy means in that case, not merely administrative weakness, but a secular, degenerative process. Its best elements will die progressively for its worst. The generally accepted theory of democracy can scarcely deny the existence of these exceptional base instances, but it declares that there is a generosity and power in public opinion that will more than correct the evil of mean and selfish aims, that indeed "self-sacrifice is the best policy." The present time is bringing forward the doubt whether this is so, in a very acute form.

This assumption of the righting influence of public opinion is implicit throughout Professor van Gennep's pamphlet, and being granted, there is little to complain of in the rest of his case. He explains how the "*esprit de co-operation égalitaire*" exists in the case of the Western Allies and not in the case of Germany, that it has been fostered by games and strikes alike, that our women of the industrial class have been disciplined to endurance by the voluntary resistance of strikes. . . . But the plain question at once confronts us, whether the voluntary collective will of the Western Allies is as a matter of fact any stronger or clearer than the trained and ruled collective will of the Central Powers. There can be little doubt which side has achieved the higher collective efficiency. It is not the Western side. And the quality of Professor van Gennep's assertions about the spirit of the democracies in this conflict seems all through to be tainted by the desire to see them rather as they ought to be than as they are. It is possible to believe that democracy is being at present tried and modified rather than triumphantly demonstrated, and



that the best social ideal is as yet not realized by any human society, that it lies between the two conceptions, or, if you prefer, it involves both the two conceptions that play behind the "organization" of Professor Ostwald and the "freedom" of Professor van Gennep.

It is not only that individualistic democracy has produced no real assurance against the danger within, the danger of unpunished shirking and self-seeking, the danger that its necessary virtues carry with them less survival value than does the neglect of these necessary virtues, but also it has no effective guarantees against a certain form of attack from without. It trusts to public opinion, but it does nothing to insure the soundness or purity of public opinion. Interests at home or foreign Powers are at liberty to do their utmost to control and purchase this controlling force of the democratic state. Professor van Gennep seems altogether too prone to regard public opinion and the spirit of a nation as a magically secure thing. No one who has studied Ford Madox Hueffer's recent remarkable book on Prussian culture, "When Blood is their Argument," can rest very comfortably in such a belief. Through books, newspapers, pulpits, theatres, cinematographs, schools, and colleges, the mind of a people can be systematically moulded and modified. Professor Ostwald's "organization state" is prepared to do that not only with its own people, but, as the recent German press campaign in America shows, with the minds of any other peoples who stand in its way. That campaign has been clumsy and unsuccessful so far, but there is no intrinsic reason why it should always be clumsy and unsuccessful. The individualistic democratic state has no sure protection whatever against that form of attack.

It is possible, then, for a firm believer in freedom and democracy to read Professor van Gennep's eloquent assertion of these ideals at the present time in a very critical and chastened spirit. The relative feebleness, the practical incompetence, the forensic quality of democratic governments may excite a doubt whether, in the method of election by a single non-transferable vote, democracy has really found its effective method of governing; the existence, prosperity, and predominance of evaders, self-seekers, and profiteers may open the question whether an unrestricted "go-as-you-please" is the ultimate rule of freedom; and the unlimited possibilities, in a free press run for gain, of venality, vulgarity, and treason, the fluctuations and light-mindedness of such a press, may perforce open up the prospect of ultimately making the press a power in the State at least as responsible as the State's educational organization. The strains and experience of this world conflict may, in fact, be bringing us to realize that democracy is not only a newer thing in the world than the authoritative State it seeks to destroy, but also that it is something much less mature, with a completer development of its powers and a completer mental organization still to come. At best it may be as yet no more than an infant Hercules fighting adult serpents by instinct rather than intelligence. The electoral method that will save it from the party politician is still to seek; it has still to establish its mutual disciplines; it has still to possess its mind.

H. G. WELLS.

## Life and Letters.

### THE SOCIAL EFFECTS OF SLAUGHTER.

It is one of the grim jokes of history that the masses in England were never quite so prosperous or so happy as in the generation that followed the Black Death. A pestilence does not diminish a nation's stores of wealth, and even in that primitive world the real riches represented by houses, flocks, and tools were no less when the number of their owners was suddenly decreased. What chiefly happened was that labor became so scarce that the rate of wages rose to fabulous levels, and made for the survivors, when the horror of the scourge was forgotten, the nearest approach in fact to the Merry England of William Morris. There are no such compensations in the scourge of war. It destroys wealth, as pestilence does not. A plague, moreover, riddled out the rubbish from the mass of humanity, and presumably left, on the whole, the more vigorous and healthy stocks. War, on the contrary, inverts that process. It slaughters only the fit men, in the prime of their manhood. But the chief difference is, perhaps, that, of the two scourges, the plague alone takes equal toll of men and women. When we come to face the social consequences of this war, its worst, and perhaps its most permanent, evils will be the upsetting of the natural balance in the population of Europe, between youth and age, and between men and women. There will be a gap in the ranks, and a slackening in the pace of the runners who hand on the torch. A period of exhaustion, conservatism, and concentration has been a common sequel in history of most serious wars. For this there are economic and emotional explanations, which have nothing at all to do with slaughter. But when a whole nation fights in the ranks, and youth bears the brunt of the killing, the slaughter of an appreciable proportion of the men between twenty and thirty must have its social after-effects.

In our modern wars, the active line of war is also the active line of peace. These young men are the pioneers in every movement of social and political advance. It is to men between these ages, for example, that the German and French Socialist parties look for the main body of their "militants" and even of their voters. The killing off of a million men between these years in Germany or France will mean much more than a diminution of the population. It will bring in politics, literature, and even in business, an effect which one can compare only to the premature ageing of a vigorous man. If the slaughter reaches these dimensions (and in a few months it must certainly do so), a statistician would have to report that several years had been added to the average age of the surviving male population. We may come to realize that a nation like a man may see its hair turn grey in a year of calamity. Nor is it only the slaughter that will tell in this direction. For every man that is killed, another is in some degree permanently maimed, and of the men who escape death or injury, how many will come home from the trenches with the laughter of youth silenced by the roar of the cannon, and its confidence shaken by the horrors of victory and the depression of defeat? Peace will come to a middle-aged Continent; and when in five or ten years the youths who were still too young to play their part in this youth-destroying war, begin to assert themselves, and to blend as thinkers and actors in the veteran line, they will speak in accents which the rest of us will consider strangely bold, and remotely irresponsible. That war is part of Nature's machinery to secure the survival of the fittest is a fallacy so dodder-



ing that it does not deserve even the name of paradox. The uncleanest of medieval plagues could give a better justification for its frightfulness; and if we desired to scourge the race into fitness, we should do better to abolish medicine and close our hospitals than tolerate the continuance of wars.

That women escape on the whole the mere murder of war is partly a mitigation and partly an aggravation of the scourge. They at least will do something to keep the idealism and the hopefulness of youth alive. They, we believe, will supply something of the impetus which will be needed amid the reaction and fatigue of peace to build a better Europe. But the more permanent social consequences of war must fall on women as on men. We cannot forecast for ourselves the length of the war or the sum of its casualties. The last official total of 50,000 British killed makes absolutely a large number, and relatively to our previous experience of war an immense number. It is equal to the whole adult male population of one of our larger towns, and if we seek a standard of comparison we have lost in three months at the Dardanelles alone more men than we lost in the whole three years of the Boer War. But the total is not yet great enough to make in our islands a social change comparable to that which France and Germany will suffer. If the war outlasts this year, Germany will have lost much more than a million killed, and France, one fears, scarcely less than a million. We are accustomed, as they are not, to an excess of the female over the male population. The excess in our islands will be increased, and the disproportionate loss of officers will make it particularly noticeable in the middle class. There will be more unmarried women in the new generation than there were in the last, and the moral and intellectual consequences that owed their origin first of all to that disparity of numbers will be decidedly accentuated. The economic independence of women will seem more than ever normal, and the mental independence that goes with it, natural and proper. Nor will the effects of this movement be confined to unmarried women. In the long run the status of the married woman in the matter of independence cannot be kept below that of her unmarried sister. The evolution is with us already so advanced that we may hardly notice the acceleration in its pace as the result of the war. But in France and Germany the change which seemed to be coming slowly is certain to march rapidly. There will be at the peace something like a million women, either young widows or unmarried girls, who will have lost a husband or a sweetheart, or who would one day have married some man who no longer lives. Some of the widows will marry again, and there may be many marriages between older women and younger husbands. But, however individuals may escape from this class, the broad fact remains that an immense addition will have been made in these countries to the ranks of the women who will not or cannot marry, and must be self-supporting. Society will adapt itself, and one foresees that in a few years it may make the social changes which in our country have been the work of decades. The prejudice which made celibacy a less honorable state will decay. Education will be improved to meet the new need, and women, lured at first into the less remunerative careers, will gradually win their footing in the better-paid trades and professions. All this was happening already both in France and Germany, but slowly and on a small scale. The consequence of so great a slaughter of young husbands and prospective husbands must be to compel the new generation to an instant and wholesale readjustment of its social thought and its social habits. The "feminists,"

who were in these countries as yet only a pioneer guard, may easily become within a few years of the peace the leaders of a massive and formative movement in education, in economics, and in politics, which will rapidly bring the position of Continental women level with that of their sisters in England and the United States. The exclusively male State may, by its own excess, have brought about its salutary modification.

In this country we shall be conscious of no violent alteration in our habits and outlook. The work of emancipation is already done, and awaits only its inevitable completion, the concession of full citizenship. That, we are convinced, will be one of the first acts of peace. But some of the economic consequences can already be foreseen. Women have found their way during this war into many callings which had been closed to them, and their numbers have greatly increased in other callings where the door was half-open. Not all of this employment will be permanent. Many of these women and girls will not need, and may not wish, to work outside the home when conditions again become normal. Others will yield their posts to the men whom they have replaced. Others, again, in the munition industry, for example, will find that the demand for such work has ceased, though they may have acquired habits, wants, and skill which will make some of them a permanent addition to the ranks of women workers. But, on the whole, we expect that the needs of these women, and the interests of their employers, will conspire to make this re-shuffling of parts to a great extent a permanency. The employer, for example, who discovers that for fifteen shillings he can get a rather higher grade of woman-worker for his lift than the unskilled man to whom he paid twenty shillings, will, on the whole, continue to employ a woman. There are ugly possibilities in this situation—the exploiting of women on the one hand and unemployment among men on the other, the strengthening of the worse type of employer and the weakening of trade unionism. Women will seem to gain by becoming more than ever necessary to industry, but their own needs and the country's emergency will have forced them too often into the position of "blacklegs." The trade unions will be confronted with a situation which will force them to think over their whole policy towards women's labor, and the leaders of the women's movement will see the sympathy with which labor on the whole regards it gravely endangered unless they can organize their women workers and impose on employers the rule of "equal pay for equal work."

#### THE TRUSTED PET.

THERE are bullfinches in the garden, a pair with their young brood come to feed on the seeds of the rocket. Goldfinches, too, flash their brilliant uniforms sometimes among the raspberries, where some groundsel has ripened. Then, sitting on a larch not more remote than these is a jackdaw. So large a bird usually keeps further away, but, as there is no gun in this garden, it does not seem very strange to see him as near as the other wild birds. The gardener's boy calls "Jack" to him, and the bird answers with the same word. "Come on, Jack," calls the boy, persuasively, and the bird answers apologetically, but refuses to come. The boy has brought him up from a nestling, and instinct now tells Jack that, having got into the trees, he had better stay there. It is a beautiful afternoon, and far nicer out-of-doors than in the wire-faced box where the bread-and-milk is. A more sophisti-



cated fellow-nestling is brought to add her cries to those of the boy, and so Jack forsakes his liberty and comes down. The two birds are carried home together.

A story not unlike that, concerning a sparrow, was told lately in "Punch," where one usually expects to find only funny things. The writer assured us again and again that it was a true story, but then it is a funny adjunct of a very "tall" story to say two or three times that it is quite true, and it is likely that many of those who read this tale of Moses, the sparrow, enjoyed it as an amusing exaggeration. No doubt, however, it was a true story. Our daw, at any rate, will soon be given his full liberty. He will fly about the country doing what he likes with himself, but usually preferring to hang round the door of his people's cottage, walk about the kitchen, and sometimes make himself such a nuisance, in a naughty child's way, that they will shut him up in his box for an hour or two to get him out of mischief. He will resent such punishment by biting the hand that shuts him in, but will not escape it by resuming the wild liberty that belongs to his tribe. The privileges of his strange position are so many that he will not fly away from its burdens. The wild birds taunt him with his servitude, and cry up the joys of freedom, but he heeds them not.

The pet must have its rights as well as its favors. Bullfinch and goldfinch hardly ever graduate through the cage to full freedom of the wing without letting the claims of liberty overcome the desire for human friendship. That may be because of the difficulty of bringing up such birds from the nest, so that they shall grow their wings on the nourishment supplied by their foster parents. There must in most cases be actual bringing up by hand, if we are to get a lasting friendship that will stand the test of freedom. The canary that has been bred from a thousand captive generations cannot often be trusted to go out through an open window and come back again. The wild robin can sooner be taught to come in through the window, sample the breakfast, sing a song on the back of a chair, and depart by the way he came. In his case it is a free bargain, an experiment in reciprocity between equal agents; the canary keeps through a thousand generations a sense of wrong that cancels all favors.

The hawk supplies a very striking exception to the rule that the wild candidate for taming must be caught young. The grown falcon lured from the sky to the claspnet can be so tamed that in a few days it will accompany its captor, on the wing and bring down game for him. Yet the falcon caught and put in a cage never becomes tame. It glares at its master, raises its wings and strikes at him, and after years of captivity shows every sign of incurable wildness. No falconer would undertake to cure so much bitterness and make an ally of one that had suffered so much wrong. The cage-born hawk is a thing unknown. If it existed, we can scarcely doubt that it would prove far less tractable than the newly-caught wildling. So, the lion cub caught in the forest is a far more amiable and tameable creature than one that has been whelped in captivity.

Mutual sport is the surest link between man and the carnivorous animals. It was in exchange for the help of a powerful hunting ally that the wolf gave up his freedom and became man's dog. When the alliance became more intimate its basis changed, and the noble wolf degenerated on the one hand to the lap dog, but advanced on the other hand to the judicial wisdom and altruistic friendliness of the St. Bernard. The cat's methods of sport are not capable of co-operative treatment, and so its alliance with man is more questionable. The cat is our comfortable lodger, spending its best hours in its own company, and in many ways retaining a good deal more

of its wildness than does the dog. On the dog model, we can make a trusted pet of the otter, taking it to the river to catch fish for us, and letting it run about the house when at home. The ferret's lesser size and more bloodthirsty instincts cause it to be closely shut up between hunting excursions, whereas the cheetah can be given almost as much liberty at home as the dog, hunting from the leash, however, like the greyhound.

Nothing but exhaustive experiment will tell us what animals can or cannot be made into trusted pets. Children have the faith to make attempts with very unpromising subjects in default of better ones. We have heard of one who made astonishing progress with an eel, though she did not go to the length of giving it the liberty of a pond. Fish, however, will come in complete freedom literally to the hand, enjoying a good rub as much as the food that awaits them. A child with the pet mania spends her time just now in catching voles in the field. Few things are quicker than the flash of a vole into its hole at the first sign of danger. But as soon as it is caught it sits in the hand with a great air of philosophic resignation, eating its grass there and cleaning its face as though no such thing as a hole existed. It goes at a moderate pace on the lawn, soon comes to the outstretched hand, and seems as happy in a pocket as in a nest at the bottom of a deep burrow.

Once, instead of a vole a shrew was caught. Popped into a mouse-trap with bars three-eighths of an inch apart, it ran through them like water. Tied in a handkerchief, it bit a hole less than the size of a threepenny-piece, and again got out. In a cage, it spent every second of a few hours in trying to find an exit, then committed suicide by eating cotton wool. Clearly, this is an untamable creature.

The perfect pet for a child is the squirrel. It must be taken from the nest just as it is able to run about, though with care it can be brought up on milk from a yet more tender age. From the first, it treats its human friends as combined trees and mothers. It does not like the floor, and the big things that walk there are simply made to be climbed. On them are warm pockets into which one can creep and curl up for a cosy sleep. Nuts can be hidden anywhere, especially at the very top in a lady's hair. There are much more interesting things to be found in a human dwelling-room than in any acre of forest. They weave themselves into the little squirrel's mind, and he thinks of them as the pleasures of home. Soon he has the freedom of the garden, and always comes home to his warmly-lined box at night. You call him when you want him, and, knowing that there is always something nice behind the call, down he comes from ash or sycamore, where he has been trying to amuse himself. Now for a romp with the humans! There is no other trusted pet quite so good as the squirrel.

## Present-Day Problems.

### THE CASE OF BULGARIA.

THE attitude of each of the Balkan States is of interest at the present moment. That of Bulgaria is of supreme importance. Serbia is struggling nobly for existence on the side of the Entente Powers, and with the reasonable hope of obtaining a great accession of territory and of population. Rumania hesitates whether to remain neutral, or, if she joins in the European struggle, on which side she will range herself. Prince Hohenlohe is now the guest of the Rumanian king, and though on his way to replace Baron von Wangenheim at Constantinople, we may safely conclude that he is employing all his influence to induce his host to join forces with the



Central Powers. It is difficult to forecast what course Ferdinand of Rumania and his Ministers will adopt, for while the Court is supposed to be under Hohenzollern influence, the general belief is that the mass of the Rumanians would like to throw in their lot with the Entente. Mr. Take-Jonescu has never ceased to indicate which way he and his party would like to go. But the constitution of the country is not democratic, and the decision will probably be taken by the King and the present Ministers. What will it be? The country during the last six months has been waiting upon events. Two or three months ago, when the Russians were forcing the Carpathians, the impression was that in view of what they and the other Entente Powers had to offer Rumania, the Central Powers had nothing to offer. The addition of at least three and a-half millions to the population of the country, together with the territory in Bukovina and Transylvania which they occupy, appealed at once to the patriotism and cupidity of the Rumanians. Above all, Russia might have offered—whether she did so or not I have no means of knowing—to restore the strip of territory in Bessarabia which was ceded to her in 1878. The reverses of Russia in Galicia, temporary as they doubtless are, have shown the Rumanians that it is not so easy for Russia to make such a gift to them as they supposed. The result is that Rumania proclaims her neutrality more loudly than ever. There is, however, a hopeful sign, if we can be sure of the facts. During the last few weeks she is reported to have been strictly neutral, in refusing to allow munitions of war to be sent through her territory to Turkey. Meantime, and in the present condition of the two great contending armies, she remains on the fence. She will "wait and see." If and when she decides to move, her action will be important, especially with regard to the war with Turkey.

Little need be said about Greece, though much might be said as to the Court influence. Venezelos will probably return to power, but those who wish to face facts should not forget that while his correspondence with the King showed us a clear thinker who recognized that, in the interests of Greece, she must be ready to sacrifice Cavalla to obtain what all Greeks covet, the liberation of the Greeks still under Turkish rule, in his appeal to the electors he declared that he would never consent to sacrifice territory.

I come now to Bulgaria. When considering the problem of the action of the Balkan States, Bulgaria is the most important factor. She has been, and is, constant in her declaration of neutrality. Rumania hesitates because there is now no Russian army in Galicia. Greece would dearly like to claim lordship over her kinsmen in Western Asia Minor, even now suffering severely under the Turks, but her army is unwilling to fight, and her unstatesmanlike leaders are only too willing to follow the Kaiser's lead, as understood by the King. Moreover, the Greeks cannot easily overcome their ancient prejudice against the two Slav States of the peninsula, and may hesitate till their hope even of retaining the islands is lost. But Bulgaria, amid the hesitation and uncertainty of Rumania on one side and Greece on the other, knows her own mind. She has been husbanding her resources, and if she should decide to use them, can do so as effectively as she did in the First Balkan War. She has maintained her neutrality under trying conditions. At the end of last November, when the world thought that Serbia had suffered a crushing defeat, Bulgaria's answer to the Entente Powers was invariably the same. She is, and intends to remain, neutral, until she can obtain an agreement with the Entente by which she will obtain the just demands with which your readers are familiar. It is said that some months ago the Entente Powers promised to satisfy these demands. But the Bulgarians reply that the promise was conditional on "legitimate compensation" being obtained by the other Balkan States. Bulgaria's response is that she has nothing to do with satisfying them. She wants a simple contract of the *Do ut des* kind, and not one conditioned upon eventualities which may never happen, and over which she has no control. The small philo-German party in Bulgaria do not deny the reasonableness of the

Bulgarian proposals, or suggest that Germany and Austria will or can offer better, but they point to what they call the vagueness of the Entente promises, and ask will they be of more value than those made as to the possession of Adrianople. If the Entente Powers wish for the aid of Bulgaria, the effort should be made to come to a definite agreement. She is certainly not a negligible factor, though she is under the impression that she has been so regarded. I do not hesitate to express a confident opinion that if such a definite agreement is made, Greece will herself of necessity join the Ententist group. While merely calling attention to the fact that the naval powers can easily impose their will upon Greece, it can be taken as certain that in order to prevent Bulgaria from obtaining a larger slice of what is now Greek territory, Greece will clamor to come into line; but, apart from this consideration, it is of prime interest to the friendly Powers that Bulgarian demands should be satisfied. It is an act of justice which Bulgaria has a right to claim, especially from England. The passage of munitions of war and of German troops through to Turkey was authorized by Roumania, and carried on so arbitrarily that Bulgaria could only obtain what she needed by taking toll of what Rumania sent through her territory to the enemy. Bulgaria could obtain no munitions from England, because we stopped their entry at her only open port, Dedeagatch, under the belief, possibly well founded, that most of them found their way into Turkey. Yet Bulgaria is perhaps the most independent State in the Balkans. I trust that it is a good omen that Mr. O'Beirne has been transferred from Petrograd to Sofia. If he is a man who will have sympathy with a people which, while always remaining faithful to Russia, as the Great Deliverer, yet regards England as the lover of justice, we may soon hear of a satisfactory agreement, not based upon "legitimate compensations" being contracted—and this to the great advantage of the Ententist cause. Bulgaria holds the key to the Balkan situation, and if she is fairly dealt with, will be ready to hand it over to the Entente.

EDWIN PEARS.

## Letters from Abroad.

### THE MEANING OF THE MINISTERIAL CHANGES IN RUSSIA.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The changes that recently occurred in the composition of the Russian Government came as an utter surprise to the public at large, since the movement that called forth those changes had only found a very feeble reflection in the daily press, which is subjected to severe censorship.

Nevertheless, that movement and its consequent Ministerial changes possess a deep meaning, and are deserving of serious attention on the part of the Allies as well.

At the present moment home politics are so closely connected with foreign politics that each of the Allies is compelled by the force of circumstances to take an interest in the internal condition of the other Allies almost to the same degree as in the conditions at home.

The writer of this letter, therefore, willingly accepts the invitation of the Editor of the NATION to acquaint the readers of that English review, which is also highly esteemed in Russia, with what is now going on in his native country, all the more so, as he considers spiritual communion between the publicists and social workers of the allied countries as forming a very important and urgent task.

What, then, is now going on in Russia? How is it that, in the very brunt of the great war, it was found absolutely necessary to alter the internal policy of the country? And why were the political changes initiated by the removal of MM. Maklakoff and Scheglovitoff?

Let us rather begin with the last question, as therein lies the key to the whole problem.

It is not precisely that these two ex-Ministers



represented a strictly Conservative policy, hostile to popular representation, to public initiative, and to all the principles promulgated by the manifesto of October 30th, 1905.

Indeed, this holds good with regard to the Ministers who still retain their posts as well, and substantially even with regard to those Ministers who have succeeded to MM. Maklakoff and Scheglovitoff. The latter, however, were not mere Conservatives, but *Militant Reactionaries*, who waged an incessant war against all the progressive elements of the country, against every manifestation of public initiative, and never made a truce in their militant internal policy even during the severe external war.

The last point is especially important, as it rendered those Ministers particularly obnoxious to Russian public opinion which considered the cessation of internal strife to be the *conditio sine qua non* of the present historical moment, demanding as it does, the concentration of all the national forces of Russia for overcoming the dangerous foe.

MM. Maklakoff and Scheglovitoff refused to perceive such necessity, and, while standing at the head of the Ministries of the Interior and of Justice, the two departments which are most intimately connected with the public life of the country, they continued, without the slightest deviation, their favorite policy of restricting as far as possible the sphere of action of the not purely Russian, or so-called "allogeneous" nationalities of Russia, and of indulging in inexorable repressions with regard to all the nations of Russia for the slightest attempt at overstepping the narrow groove traced by the powers that be.

This untimely policy, to say the least of it, painfully touched all the peoples of Russia, and still more sensitively the "allogeneous" nations, such as the Poles, the Finns, the Jews, &c. While the great Russian Army, welded together from among all the peoples of the Russian Empire, was fighting for right, liberty, and justice in international relations, the civil administration kept on reminding the peoples of Russia, by its petty chicanery and severe repression, how far removed they were from those ideals.

Sad as it was in itself, it became more melancholy still when the same policy was extended by the civil administration even to the newly conquered provinces whose population had still to be morally drawn to the side of Russia.

Public opinion in Russia was watching that dangerous game with increasing alarm but with wonderful self-restraint. Conscious of the great danger involved in disturbing the unity of the public frame of mind, Russian society silently put up for a long time with all the wrongs and provocations.

The excitement only burst out to the surface during the troublous days of May, when it became strikingly evident that the easy victories gained by the militant Russian reactionaries at home might involve the country in disaster in its great struggle with its external foes.

The "Internal Germans," as Prince Eugene Trubetskoy has nicknamed the militant Russian reactionaries, had become an obvious national danger.

The excitement suddenly caught the whole Russian public, from top to bottom. The moderate elements experienced even a greater commotion than the radical and democratic strata. This was probably due to the fact that while the situation had been familiar all along to the democratic elements, the fatal side of the militant reaction only then dawned upon the moderate and conservative elements with great suddenness and striking effect. Moreover, those elements, in close touch with the ruling spheres to which they partly belong themselves, were in a position to realize the gravity of the situation better and earlier than the rest.

Men who had always shown marked hostility towards national representation, and who had looked upon the notion of a responsible Ministry as a dangerous revolutionary scheme, now began to call for the immediate summoning of Parliament and for the formation of a Parliamentary Ministry.

Will these demands now be satisfied? On the answer to this question depends the future fate of Russia at home and abroad. So far, the changes in the Government are only of a personal character, while in the system itself, no alteration whatever has taken place. Public opinion has felt, nevertheless, some satisfaction at the changes that have occurred, perceiving in them the first timid step to meet its just demands.

Public opinion is willing for the time being to reduce its demands to the utmost, and to be satisfied with what is absolutely indispensable for the preservation of internal peace within the country, while keeping up among the people the faith in better times after the external foe has been overcome.

In substance, public opinion is only anxious to be allowed to concentrate its whole attention on the struggle with the external foe, without being distracted by internal bickerings, without disturbing the national unity and harmony of mind, and without depressing its enthusiasm by a repressive internal policy.

Everybody must acknowledge the perfect modesty of such a demand. Its justice—nay, its absolute necessity—has been unanimously recognized from the very first day of the war in Russia, just as in all the other allied countries. It is therefore to be hoped that it will now be satisfied fully and unconditionally.

The patriotic enthusiasm which seized all the peoples of Russia at the very first moment of the great European war, will then be re-established, and the Army of All the Russias, inspired by the enthusiasm of the entire nation, will display once more the indestructible power which gained the admiration of the whole world during the first months of the greatest of all wars.—Yours, &c.,

A RUSSIAN DEMOCRAT.

Petrograd, July.

[The resignation of M. Scheglovitoff and his replacement by M. Chwostow has not been officially confirmed.—ED., NATION.]

## Letters to the Editor.

### COMPULSORY SERVICE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Even if every word of Sir R. K. Wilson's letter were correct, it would still leave unanswered my main question: "Is there a single case in history of a State adopting compulsory service and becoming less free than it had been under the voluntary system?" Padua and Venice, the only two which he thinks he has found to serve his turn, are not to this point; in neither did the adoption of compulsory service synchronize, even remotely, with loss of liberty; on the contrary, Ezzelino was the forerunner of a regular series of tyrants, whose rule coincided pretty nearly with the golden age of the mercenary. Since he takes exception to my terms, may I point out that in my former letters, as in this one, my argument makes allowances for both senses of the words *tyrant*, *tyranny*, and *mercenary*; so that the "most serious error," which he tries to fix upon me has simply been bred in his own mind. Similarly, a great part of his letter depends upon the quite gratuitous assumption that I, like himself, have ignored all modern specialist literature on Roman history, and must therefore be thinking of what Mommsen wrote half a century ago. This, as will be seen, is as unwarranted as his earlier assumption that I shared his own condition of mind in "habitually thinking of the Greek and Roman states together."

If he had turned to the easily verifiable reference at the end of my letter, he would have seen that the "fallacy" which he accuses me of "trotting out" was developed very fully in the "Revue des Deux Mondes" for November 15th, 1870, by Fustel de Coulanges, whose right to speak on this matter was perhaps second only to Mommsen's. And, if he had wished to appeal against this authority, his obvious course was to turn, not to Mommsen's history, which does



not profess to deal directly with the point, but to the special study of the subject in Mommsen's "Römisches Staatsrecht," Bd. III. (1887), pp. 298ff. He would there have found a brief account of the development of recruiting, which agrees with that given by Fustel de Coulanges, and which marks quite plainly how, from the time of Marius onward, the citizen-soldier gave place more and more to the mercenary. It is true that compulsion never reached an absolute vanishing-point, and my opponent is simply beating there at an open door: I knew that as well as he. What I wrote was, that the Romans, as despotism grew upon the state, "drifted farther and farther from the old Roman compulsionist theory." Mommsen points out quite plainly that, though the theory of compulsion survived in Imperial times, the fact itself became rarer and rarer. Herodian (II., 11), shows how this evolution was regarded by a writer who himself lived under the Empire. He writes: "As long as the Roman state had been a democracy, all Italians were under arms; but, from the time when Augustus became sole ruler, he relieved the Italians of this labour and disarmed them . . . establishing mercenary troops (*μισθοφόρους*) at fixed rates of pay." Herodian, it will be noted, entirely neglects the exception of the proletariat, on which Sir R. K. Wilson lays so much emphasis; and in fact it is negligible. In the great days of the Republic, the proletariat would at once have been commandeered if its services had been needed.

For a further confirmation of this "fallacy," countenanced by Fustel de Coulanges and Mommsen, Sir R. K. Wilson may refer to "L'Armée à travers les Ages" Vol. I. (Paris, 1899) published under the direction of Lavisse, the greatest living French historian; to the first volume of Otto Seeck's epoch-making "Untergang d. Antiken Welt," and above all to the long article "Dilectus" in the Pauly-Wissowa "Encyclopedia of Classical Antiquities." Having by this time left Cambridge for some weeks, I have only my memory and rough notes to trust to; but this article begins on p. 593 of the "9th Halb-band" (1903). The author divides the subject of Roman recruiting into four periods, (1) pre-Marian, (2) post-Marian, (3) Augustus to Diocletian, and (4) Diocletian to the end of the Empire. He marks, throughout, the steady decay of the compulsory system; and it is significant that the very passage from Tacitus, which Sir R. K. Wilson (entirely misunderstanding the whole trend of events), attempts to bring against me, is quoted here, in its proper context, as a proof of that decay. The gradual disuse of compulsion, and the growing difficulty of finding even volunteers during the generations in which Romanistic liberties were also decaying, is strongly brought out by Seeck, pp. 241-255. The later Empire had only an army of 300,000 to raise, from a population of six millions; yet, in the end, that army consisted mainly of hired barbarians (cf. Pauly-Wissowa, p. 630.) If my opponent is still anxious to deny my assertion that the Roman rulers, as they advanced in despotism, "all drifted farther and farther from the compulsionist theory," he must first take stock of these authorities—which (it is not unfair to add) he ought not to have given me the honor of introducing to his notice.

With regard to the Low Countries, again, it is idle to refer to Hallam, of nearly a century ago, when we have in H. Pirenne's "Histoire de la Belgique" one of the minutest and best-documented of all modern national histories. I quote only from memory, but Pirenne repeatedly brings documentary evidence for the strength of the citizen-militias in Flanders during the great days of the thirteenth and early fourteenth centuries. As the fourteenth century wore on, the Duke's rule became more and more despotic. Pirenne notes the rise of the mercenary in a few clear words as a fact too notorious to need much space. In Italy, the general fact is equally notorious; and my opponent's labored reasoning leaves it untouched. For France and England, he should read Siméon Luce's contrast between English conscription and French voluntarism, in one of the early chapters of his "Bertrand du Guesclin," and the story of Charles VII.'s "Grande Ordonnance" in Lodge's "Close of the Middle Ages," or Lavisse's "Histoire de France." In almost any European country but ours, it would cause real astonishment to find a scholar of Sir R. K. Wilson's eminence writing as he now writes.

The question of efficiency is, of course, a different

matter: but I think it will be found that nearly all the best armies have been either (1) conscripts, whom long training has made into professional soldiers, or (2) volunteers from a population which had compulsion in the very near background. Napoleon's armies are a typical example of the first; our own supremacy in the Hundred Years' War—a supremacy more remarkable in many ways than even Napoleon's—was due to the second. And, for purely defensive purposes, a national militia would seem enough, as Jean Jaurès urged with much historical probability. Where citizen-armies have failed, has it not almost always been that they were used for aggressive as well as defensive purposes? If Jaurès was right here, and if he was right in claiming also that the citizen-army is the spontaneous and natural manifestation of democracies, then there is real hope of the world's outgrowing "militarism" in any evil sense.

Sir R. K. Wilson accuses me of shirking his arguments about America. I was trying to write as briefly as possible, and honestly believed that a rehearsal, or repetition, of the undisputed facts would exonerate me from following him into the region of paradox. As he thinks otherwise, I here subjoin a brief reply, on the chance that you, sir, can afford the space.

My opponent contends that the successes of Gettysburg and Vicksburg (1) were obtained before the Draft could have had any real effect on the military situation, and (2) were decisive, marking the practical end of the war.

(1) Those successes came on July 3rd and 4th, 1863. But before the end of 1862 the Northern Government had distinctly threatened to follow the Southern example of conscription, if the requisite quota of volunteers were not forthcoming. The "Illustrated London News" of January 3rd, 1863, has a picture of the rush to claim legal exemption from the draft in New York during December, 1862. From that time forward, at least (and not only from March 3rd, as my opponent argues), the country knew that Government was in deadly earnest, that statesmen were willing to take heavy risks themselves, and that their message to the country was no longer "Go on!" but Julius Caesar's "Come on!" To argue that this bold and business-like decision did not affect recruiting is not history, but special pleading. Long before this, the South had introduced conscription, with the result that the South, during this war, produced more than double the Northern ratio of soldiers to population. Here in England we all know that the actual subscriptions to so-called "Voluntary Schools" were enormously greater than anything that could have been obtained unless the Board School and the compulsory rate had loomed in the background. But (argues my opponent) there was "no visible improvement in the military situation" until June. Let him read the story of Hooker's reorganization work in Volume III. of Rope's "History of the Civil War," of the wholesale desertions and indiscipline Hooker had to grapple with on taking command of his army in January, 1863; let him then ask himself how far Hooker's hands were strengthened by the powers that Government had at last been bold enough to claim, and how the successes of June would have been possible without the stern preparation of those earlier months.

(2) Although Gettysburg and Vicksburg did, in fact, prove the clear turning-point of the war, there is not the least reason to suppose that this would have been so if the South had been as populous as the North. Until the end of 1862, these nine millions of the South, with a conscript army, had got the better, on the whole, of the twenty-three millions in the voluntarist North. After June, 1863, the South was exhausted by her own efforts: Seward's circular letter of August 12th asserts that she had already pressed nearly all her available manhood into the army. What right has Sir R. K. Wilson to attribute to Southern conscription a "temporary success, dearly paid for afterwards"? Conscription very nearly enabled the South to beat an adversary immeasurably stronger in natural advantages; and it forced from that adversary, in self-defence, the sincerest tribute of all—unwilling imitation. Only then did the Southern conscription collapse.—Yours, &c.,

G. G. COULTON.

Thurlestone, South Devon.  
July 19th, 1915.



## MUNITIONS AND RAILWAY TRANSPORT.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Lord Middleton, in calling attention to the waste and extravagance of our civil administration, has repeated what most business men have been thinking, and many have been saying for long years. But in war-time, the mere cost of Government departments, excessive as it often is, is nothing to the loss and delay due to their inefficiency.

The shortage in the supply of munitions, the unnecessarily high price of necessities such as food-stuffs and fuel, are due, in all probability, more to defects in transport than even to the disorganization of manufacture and supply. The department responsible for transport is the Board of Trade.

The defects of our goods transport system were sufficiently appalling in the Blue Books officially issued by the Board of Trade; but the half of them had not been told to us. For many years the Board of Trade disguised the enormous cost of goods transport by overstating by some forty per cent. the tonnage of goods carried. A ton of goods carried over parts of five railway systems was reckoned as five tons; and the figures arrived at by this method were given to the public without a word of warning as to their inaccuracy.

At last the persistency of Sir George Paish, the Editor of "The Statist," has forced the Board of Trade to give the true figures, with the result that whereas we were told that in 1912 some 522,745,000 tons of goods were carried by our railways at a cost of £64,049,000, we are now told that in 1913, though the cost had risen to £66,617,000, the tons carried had fallen to 371,571,000. There is no reason for this enormous drop in tonnage, in a time of peace and prosperity; nor has it occurred. It is merely that we have now the true tonnage instead of a falsified return.

Working on these new figures (the latest we have) the cost of conveying goods by railway, allowing for an average haulage of 25 miles, works out at 1.721 pence per ton-mile, instead of 1.192 pence, as appeared to be the result of the former figures. Thus the cost of hauling each ton in the United Kingdom works out at 3s. 7d. The latest figures of German traffic gave 3s. 3½d. per ton. But the average German haulage is 62½ miles, or 2½ times the British. Thus the German cost per ton-mile is ¼ of a penny, rather more than one third of the British cost.

The excuse that has been made for this monstrous excess, by officials of the Board of Trade, is that the services rendered by the British railways are more valuable than those performed by German railways. This statement is as inaccurate as it is vague. If we ask for further details, we are told that our railway companies handle and deliver the goods, and the German railways do not. But nearly four-fifths of our railway goods traffic is in minerals, which are not handled by the railway companies; and as to the remaining traffic, the companies are assisted by carriers and carmen, of whom there are 800 firms in London alone.

The delay and confusion in handling goods are as monstrous as the charges made, and, as always, waste is attended by inefficiency. At a time like the present, delay in delivery of materials and goods is far more hurtful than mere expense. It means the waste of life and opportunity.

But what was merely discreditable and costly in time of peace becomes treasonable and dangerous in time of war. Our railway transport system, and the officials who have acquiesced in its defects, are allies of the enemy, and help him in hardly a less degree than his own railway efficiency. How long shall we endure this?—Yours, &c.,

July 19th, 1915.

WRANGLER.

## THE FUTURE OF RELIGION.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The reviewer of Miss Harrison's book says that "sacraments are one thing, sacramentalism is another; they differ as do, e.g., alcohol and alcoholism." Well, "alcoholism" is, I suppose, the abuse of alcohol; certainly, at any rate, in the ordinary use of the term, "sacramentalism" does not mean the abuse of the sacraments. By the term "sacramentalist" is usually meant a believer in, or teacher of, the Catholic doctrine of the Sacraments, not, for instance, a brigand of the Abruzzi

who communicates before an assassination. This, however, is merely a verbal point. The question I asked was: "What are we to understand by the reasonable and spiritual Christianity which has the certain promise of the future?" The reviewer replies that this question cannot be answered within the limits of a column of *THE NATION*. Religions that have had much influence in the past have been capable of less diffuse statement—"There is one God, and Mohammed is his Prophet," for instance. And "So God loved the world" is something which may be set down at once in a few words, though, of course, it may require the whole summer to draw out its implications. The reviewer refers me to Dr. Sanday as a Doctor of the Church of the Future. Dr. Sanday, I understand, has recently declared that he no longer regards the Virgin Birth and the Resurrection as historical facts. But can we listen to a Doctor of the Church whose teaching flatly contradicts that of all other Doctors of the Church? The Doctor Doctorum is no doubt St. John the Evangelist. In what light does the reasonable and liberal Christianity which has the certain promise of the future look upon the Prologue of St. John's Gospel? We are there told that in the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God, that all things were made by Him and without Him was not anything made that was made, and that the Word was made Flesh and dwelt among us, and we beheld His Glory, the Glory of the Only Begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth, and of His fullness have all we received. If Christmas Day is observed in the Church of the Future, will these statements be read aloud to the faithful on that festival? The striking thing about New Testament Christianity is its claim to uniqueness. The technical name of the Church was "the way." To say that "of His fullness have all we received" is something absolutely different from saying that we all possess of ourselves a fullness which was in a higher degree in Him. The doctrine of liberal Christianity appears to be that there is no Mediator between God and Man. Dr. Sanday says, "If we can bring Christianity into a system of unified thought, I do not see what should prevent the whole world from becoming Christian." Of course, if the whole world were to adopt the negation of Christianity there would be nothing to prevent its calling itself Christian. But its proceeding would be anything but "reasonable."—Yours, &c.,

Gedney Vicarage, Holbeach.

July 21st, 1915.

R. L. GALES.

## Poetry.

## PERFECT LOVE.

When first it came it was so small  
I hardly noticed it at all.  
Then it began to catch my eye  
Every time I journeyed by,  
And soon I closed my eyes in vain,  
It was engraved upon my brain.  
I loved and hated it by turn;  
Some nights for shame my face would burn,  
Some days for joy I sang all day,  
Sometimes in morning church I'd pray  
That God would take it from my sight.  
And then I'd sing in church at night  
A song of praise, because I knew  
The thing I feared was holy too.  
At last I went to this same fear  
And said, Now tell me, O my Dear,  
Was I right to be afraid?  
Never, never, Sweet, he said.  
In his voice was gentleness  
Melting all my dark distress.  
Now let all your doubtings die,  
Said he, all for ever die.  
Now let all your doubtings end,  
I am not Fear, for I am Friend.

EDITH ANNE STEWART.



## The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "Russia and the Great War." By Gregor Alexinsky. (Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)  
 "Life and Letters in the Italian Renaissance." By Christopher Hare. (Stanley Paul. 12s. 6d. net.)  
 "The German Peril." By Frederic Harrison. (Unwin. 5s. net.)  
 "Some Imagist Poets: An Anthology." (Constable. 2s. 6d. net.)  
 "Irradiations: Sand and Spray." By J. G. Fletcher. (Constable. 2s. 6d. net.)  
 "Some Aspects of the War." By S. Pérez Triana. (Unwin. 3s. 6d. net.)  
 "Maria Again." By Mrs. John Lane. (Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)  
 "Golden Glory." By F. Horace Rose. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)

ONE effect of the war upon the world of books has been that fewer critical studies of great writers have been published. They have, of course, been neglected for works dealing with the new and urgent problems of the moment. But this mood is less dominant in America, and several volumes of literary criticism, written by Americans, have been published in this country during the year. An important addition to them is announced in the shape of a book called "William Wordsworth: His Life, Works, and Influence," by Professor G. M. Harper, of Princetown University, to whom we already owe a critical biography of Sainte-Beuve. It is based to a large extent on fresh material, and, in particular, will add to our knowledge of Wordsworth's connection with the French Revolution, and of his visit to France in 1791, when he became intimately acquainted with the republican General Beaupuis. Professor Harper has also been able to throw fresh light upon other periods of Wordsworth's career, about which scarcely any information has been available hitherto. The book, which promises to be one of capital importance as a contribution to the study of Wordsworth's life and thought, will be published in this country by Mr. Murray.

ANOTHER announcement made by the same publisher is the "Correspondence" of Lord Granville Leveson-Gower, who afterwards became the first Earl Granville. The book will supplement that agreeable collection of social gossip, "The Letters of Harriet, Countess Granville," for Earl Granville was on intimate terms with nearly everybody of distinction in the political and social world of London during the first forty years of the nineteenth century. He served as Ambassador in St. Petersburg, Brussels, and Paris, and he was long a member of the Holland House circle, as well as a frequenter of Rogers's breakfast parties. His correspondents included Fox, Pitt, Canning, and General Moreau, but chief among them, for the interest of her letters, was Lady Bessborough, the mother of Lady Caroline Lamb. We are promised that her letters will give a sparkling account of the English society of the time, both at home and abroad.

EARL GRANVILLE was indirectly responsible for one of the most famous social institutions in the London of his time. Captain Gronow tells us in his "Reminiscences and Recollections" how the capital for "Crockford's Club" was provided. William Crockford, while still a young man, abandoned the trade of fishmonger for a share in a gambling club. His first successful stroke was at a game of hazard, when he and his partner won twenty-four thousand pounds, at a single sitting, from a party consisting of Lord Granville and four others. With this capital, added to his former gains, says Gronow, Crockford "built the well-known palace in St. James's Street, where a club was established and play organized on a scale of magnificence and liberality hitherto unknown in Europe." Crockford's "well-known palace" is to-day the home of the Devonshire Club.

THERE are many references to Granville in the diaries and journals of the early nineteenth century. The "Creevey Papers" contain a characteristic example of his manner. Thomas Creevey, writing to Miss Ord, in 1819, records the

effect caused by Brougham's opening speech in defence of Queen Caroline:—

"The monde," he says, "talked of nothing but Brougham and his fame . . . for the speech not only astonished but has shaken the aristocracy, though Lord Granville did tell me at parting this morning not to be too confident of that, for that the House of Lords was by far the stupidest and most obstinate collection of men that could be selected from all England. This, I think, from a peer himself, and old virtuoso Stafford's brother, was damned fair."

In the current "Edinburgh Review" there is an article by Mr. Edmund Gosse on "War Poetry in France," which begins with an appreciation of Paul Déroulède's "Chants du Soldat." The book was first published in 1872, and is now in its one hundred and sixty-third edition. It is probably more widely read than any other book of modern French verse, yet it has been always regarded by French critics as quite undeserving of notice, and when Déroulède's name was mentioned to Leconte de Lisle his remark was: "Ce n'est pas assez de ne parler de ce jeune homme; il faut encore en mal parler." The book was "crowned," however, by the French Academy, but only as a political demonstration, and not because of its literary merits. Count Arnim protested to the French Minister of War against the publication by a French officer of "insolent verses directed against Prussia and the Prussians." The Academy promptly replied by honoring a work which, in all probability they would never have recognized but for the incident. The popularity of the "Chants du Soldat" is another proof that it is not the verses which are praised by men of letters that have most influence. Those of Déroulède, for all their shortcomings, have had a large share in forming the sentiments that are to-day so evident in the French mind.

MR. GOSSE sees in the huge mass of fugitive verse called forth by the war, both here and in France, a proof of the revival of a taste for poetry. He even goes to the length of claiming that there is very little of this verse "which is not marked by some delicate and sincere observation or emotion." But something more than sincere emotion is needed for the making of verse that is even tolerable. In this country, at any rate, the quantity of genuine poetry to be found in the mass of verses that have been printed is very exiguous indeed. And much the same is true of France. Such a collection as "Les Poètes de la Guerre," published by Messrs. Berger-Lévrault, is more notable for its patriotic zeal than for its poetical inspiration. It is true that many of the young poets are fighting for their country, and that France has to mourn the death of Charles Péguy and others like him, just as we have to lament that of Rupert Brooke. But upon the whole, war, like religion, has not been in modern times a source of great poetical inspiration.

ON the other hand, jingles to which soldiers can march, and patriotic appeals in verse, have been produced in quantities and have had a great vogue. The most famous French writer of this form of literature is M. Théodore Botrel, the Breton "chansonnier des armées." By an official decree of M. Millerand, M. Botrel has been appointed poet-laureate to the armies of France, and authorized "to repair to all dépôts, camps, and hospitals, and there to sing and say his patriotic poems." One of these is a greeting to the British troops:—

"Dès l'premier jour de guerre  
 La loyale Angleterre  
 Envoyait aux combats  
 Ses plus vaillants soldats,  
 Conduits par French-le-brave,  
 Toujours correct et grave.  
 Ah! qu'ils ont donc bon air,  
 Les guerriers d'Kitchener!  
 Voilà les 'kakis,'  
 Qui nous ont conquis,  
 Tant ils sont exquis  
 (Aoh! Yès! Very well!)  
 Lorsque, bravement,  
 Flegmatiquement,  
 Ils cogn'nt sur l'all'mand:  
 Aoh! Yès! Very well!"

PENGUIN.



## Reviews.

## BARNAVE.

"The Life of Barnave." By E. D. BRADBY. (Clarendon Press. 2 vols. 18s. net.)

MADAME CAMPAN has left a lifelike picture of Barnave during the wearisome return of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette from Varennes to Paris in June, 1791; how he delicately refrained from taking refreshment in the presence of humiliating royalty, while boorish Pétion, the other Commissioner sent to escort them, ate and drank freely, silently jerking up his glass to show when enough wine was poured out, and tossing chicken-bones out of the window perilously near the royal visage. Barnave, on the other hand, did everything in his power for the comfort of the captives, and, when a priest who came to salute them was in danger from the populace, nearly flung himself from the window of the carriage in the endeavor to save him, and was himself rescued by Princess Elizabeth holding on to the tails of his coat. So Madame Campan. But the age of picturesque memoir-writers has gone; that of the critic has dawned; and the gaiety of nations has suffered eclipse.

Lovers of the picturesque will surrender these anecdotes with reluctance; and in Miss Bradby's painstaking analysis of the evidence respecting the return from Varennes, I for one find no convincing reason for disbelieving those incidents. They are true to the life of that exciting time, far more so, indeed, than the rather dull description which we are asked to substitute for that moving narrative. Of course, Madame Campan romanced, and the Duchesse de Tourzel (who was present), furbished up a conversation between Madame Elizabeth and Barnave which I agree with Miss Bradby in thinking "impossible." But these romancings and embellishments were based on contemporary anecdotes, or on recollections distorted by the agonies of the time; and they have a high value, if not taken too literally. In our laborious search for exactitude, we are in danger of ignoring the worth of second-hand or impressionist evidence. Sometimes, in the midst of the most unconvincing narrative, a detail will be found which outweighs in value a bushel of facts and dates. For instance, in the midst of that "impossible" conversation, Madame Elizabeth mentioned the Feast of the Federation (July 14th, 1790). At once Barnave said: "Ah, Madam! Do not complain of that Federation. We should have been lost if you had known how to profit by it." That is a flash of political insight which the Duchess could not have imagined. There we have an illuminating thought of Barnave himself, worth a long disquisition as to the trustworthiness of this or that description of details. Seeing, too, that she and also the "Journal des Débats" agree as to the danger to the life of the orthodox priest, who, coming to salute the prisoners, was rescued by Barnave's appeal to the populace, I see no reason for rejecting Campan's delicious story of Madame Elizabeth holding him back by his coat tails. The incident is true to character, both for the impulsive Princess and the generous young advocate. That moment was the most brilliant and beneficent of his career.

Let me hasten to correct any impression which I may have given, that Miss Bradby's pages are dull. She is a good, though not very attractive, narrator; and the care with which she has mastered the evidence, carries conviction that here we are in close touch with facts. There is little of interest in the career of Barnave before the Revolution. In March, 1789, he replied to a correspondent in terms which showed him to be an upholder of a reformed and constitutional monarchy. Legislation must be shared between the Corps National and the King, who is "sole depository of the executive power." He also at that time favored a bicameral system, and, like most of the pre-Revolutionary writers, deprecated the concession of the franchise to the very poor, on the ground that it would favor bribery. Later on, he thus describes his hopes and beliefs:—

"I was not elated above reason. My political principles were, except for some slight shades of difference, what they are to-day, what they have never ceased to be, impassioned for liberty. . . . I regarded the right of sanction as the characteristic attribute of the Monarchy. I had learnt

enough about political ideas to know that excess is always the ruin of liberty."

Thus Barnave was never an extreme Jacobin. Indeed, his creed was not much more democratic than that of Mirabeau and Lafayette, while his belief in Monarchy was stronger than that of the latter. It is well to remember this, for the constitutional monarchy established in the Constitution of 1791 was his ideal, and thenceforth his efforts to preserve it inevitably ranged him on the Conservative side as against the Girondins and Jacobins. The same may be said of his friends Duport and the brothers Lameth. His regard for the cause of order appeared on the night of 5th-6th October, 1789, when he helped Mounier and others to restore quiet among the rabble and the fishwives who had marched to Versailles. He retired to rest convinced that all risk of rioting was over. So did everyone else; and in that fact is to be found the refutation of the odious slanders later to be urged against Lafayette, of having connived at the attack on the Queen's apartments early next morning. Thereupon Barnave proposed that the National Assembly and the King were inseparable, a motion which ensured the transfer of the Assembly to Paris.

Miss Bradby quotes with approval a phrase that the rising of October "consolidated the Revolution." This is more than doubtful. The feeble and spasmodic effort at a Royalist reaction early in October, 1789, never had the slightest chance of success; and the ignominious transfer of the Royal Family to Paris, followed by that of the Assembly, placed the Government at the mercy of a turbulent populace, with results fatal to the cause of ordered liberty, as Barnave came to see. He never discovered whether the secret influence of the Duke of Orleans had brought about that rising, as has often been stated, though without proof. His friend Duport was in close relations with the Duke, but was too high-minded to undertake any dirty work for him: that fell to the lot of Laclous; but even the tribunal of the Châtelet, which desired to incriminate Orleans, never succeeded in convicting him of the disorders of October 5th-6th. This oft-repeated charge, therefore, falls to the ground. Barnave indignantly repudiated it.

Closely as Barnave approached to Mirabeau in politics, they never worked together. Both were vain and egotistical; and whereas Mirabeau possessed genius, the young advocate of Grenoble had only versatile talents, mainly of the critical order. He therefore excelled in debating, and in demolishing the eloquent improvisations of genius. Here lay the root of his offence. It is melancholy to reflect how largely vanity and mere temperamental diversities weakened the democratic reformers, who ought to have formed a compact phalanx. "The Left Centre is France," says a later *mot*. It ought to have been so in 1789-90; and it would have been so, if Mirabeau, Lafayette, Bailly, and Talleyrand could have acted closely with Barnave and his compeers. Drifting apart, they left the ground free for more violent men to rush in. It is clear that Barnave began to fear for the stability of the new order of things long before the flight to Varennes. The story that his constitutional Royalism was the outcome of the flattery paid to him by the Queen during the return to Paris is once again refuted by Miss Bradby. Barnave, like Mirabeau, was forced into opposition to the King by the follies of the latter and of his advisers. He was never hostile to the Monarchy, so long as it espoused the cause of the people.

These two volumes suffer somewhat in the later chapters, owing to the non-appearance of M. Heidenstam's recent volumes—"Marie Antoinette, Fersen, et Barnave"—until they were in the press. In a note added to the Introduction, Miss Bradby casts doubt on the value of the new collection of letters. Certainly it leaves much to be desired in the matter of editing, and in this respect compares unfavorably with the volumes of Marie Antoinette's letters edited by MM. Maxime de la Rochetier and de Beaucourt. But some of the letters in M. Heidenstam's volume are both new and important. They show that the Queen and the "Triumvirate" corresponded frequently on matters of great importance during the summer, autumn, and winter of 1791-2. The objection that the letters of Barnave, &c., are too familiar and informal, has little weight in regard to a period when the Monarchy existed on sufferance. That the Queen entered into a "kind of correspondence" with



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Barnave, Duport, and Lameth is proved in her letter of July 31st, 1791, to Fersen, included by MM. de Rochetier and de Beaucourt, in their volumes, which at some other points corroborate the evidence recently brought to light. M. Heidenstam certainly overrates the value of these new letters; for it is clear that the Queen was merely using Barnave and his friends as tools. Nevertheless, the new evidence is of high interest, and it is unfortunate that Miss Bradby could not notice it in detail. One chief aim of the correspondents was to seek to avert war between France and Austria; and it is obvious that the Queen used their fear of such a catastrophe as a hold over them and their former following. As Miss Bradby says (Vol. II., p. 166), Barnave's aims throughout these months were perfectly honorable. He believed sincerely that the constitution of 1791 was not only workable, but necessary to the welfare of France; also that a foreign war or civil war would throw back her fortunes indefinitely. Who shall say he was wrong? Like many of the *guillotins* of 1793, he saw further and more clearly than the extremists who had seized on power, and whose reckless and defiant policy threw back the cause of liberty for more than half a century.

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### CHISELLED POETRY.

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POETRY, being the most compact and limited form of æsthetic realization and, at the same time, the most receptive to influence, has, far more than prose which creates its own content, borrowed from its sister arts. It is like an empire, which, swaying other and alien nationalities under its own immediate laws and institutions, adopts and absorbs into itself its colonies' essences and characteristics. Thus, poetry, still preserving its form intact, will readily approximate to music, painting, and sculpture. The predominant effects of Spenser are pictorial, of Herrick and Swinburne musical, and of Landor statuesque. Curiously enough, sculpture has shaped and informed the poetic impulse far less than music and painting. We say curiously, because sculpture and poetry, from the point of view of a finished outline, are more intimately allied than is poetry to music or painting. The latter do not affect poetry as a form, a composition, a technique, quite so definitely and directly. And yet there are very few of the great poets outside Landor, who made his epigrams like Tanagra statuettes, and James Thomson, who hewed his epic out of a solid block of darkness, who have given their expression that air of arrested, petrified mobility, which is the tribute of sculpture to poetry.

But there can be no doubt that "Michael Field" has achieved this distinction. Her reputation alone has been an indirect testimony to it. It is obvious that the sculpturesque muse must have a circumscribed, but individual and unambiguous, appeal. In the same way, "Michael Field's" poetic achievement has never endured any of the eclipses, or excesses, or capriciousness of appreciation bestowed upon so many other contemporary poets. A small circle of discriminating critics have poured out for her the discreet libations, which the value and measure of her utterance exactly demands. Outside that circle, she has been practically unknown. And, proportionate to this recognition, her work has maintained throughout a judiciously level adequacy of output, both separately in its intrinsic artistic quality and in the relation of her several pieces to the whole. In "Dedicated," this admirable adjustment and tractability of treatment to material is particularly marked. The sculpturesque cast of her thought (her work always reads as if it had been chiselled out of the mould) naturally throws the emphasis upon a craftsmanship concentrated intently upon containing and realizing the artistic purpose. The result is a harmony and balance of rhythm in modulated conformity to the thought and idea, and admitting of flaws not in the general handling of her conception so much as in casual and individual details of mannerism or turns of phrase. Thus, her use of the word "salubrity" is inadmissible, not so much from its actual meaning as its connotations. It is one of the minor afflictions of modern journalism that its exploitation of so many fine words and phrases has ruined them for the artist. "Surdity," again,

is simply a prevarication which in no way enhances the meaning, and is not even needed as a sop to metrical exigencies. And "prepollence" is mere pedantry. It says a good deal, indeed, for this early work that its consistent devotion to an ideal of a hard, lucid, and virile workmanship closes the approach to any but incidental lapses. There is no fumbling and hesitation with the poetic interpretation of the idea; no attempt to starve it or to cumber it with irrelevant ornament; no interruption in its evolution to an appropriate expression. It is an application of that artistic verisimilitude which Mr. Sturge Moore very aptly calls "poise." Such are the advantages of the sculpturesque method, adapted to poetry.

There is, indeed, more than a superficial resemblance between the poetry of "Dedicated" and Mr. Sturge Moore's work—the only other modern poet who has wrought his material into a marmoreal pose. The choice of classical theme, the rich orchestration of rhythm, the massive and processional effects, the highly literary flavor, the packed sense, the quality of "poise," which is the æsthetic end of the worker in bronze or marble, even the occasionally elliptical and obscure perversions of grammar—they share these elements in common. "Michael Field" does not, indeed, attain that range and power peculiar to Mr. Sturge Moore's loftiest expression. Her poetry never captures the supreme felicity; its strong competence, its imaginative solidity, its steady flame, though worthy the admiration of the severest critic, hardly lift her muse into the top slopes of Helicon. Her poetry is not a heaven, but a sane, gracious, and fecund earth. For that very reason, and because of the austere sense of form which dignifies every stanza of "Dedicated," she is not amenable to quotation. It would be ploughing the sands to search for sudden glories in work so sustained. The following extracts will serve, we hope, to corroborate that impression. From "De Profundis":—

"They lift themselves and move, they cannot see  
The spring-tide changing Dis—they cannot be  
Where all is solemnness of blindfold glades;  
They cannot see the spring, but in the hollow,  
Unmirroring, vast, their feet are blessed and follow  
Some bent of beauty twilight overshades.

"And then the dusk grows blue across its web;  
The sable in the blue begins to ebb  
To pure sky-azure, and the ghosts sweep white  
As clouds of April; in the mighty clearness  
The gems and metals shape themselves, and dreamness  
Reels with their chequer-Pluto, there is light."

Or from "Glaucus":—

"For thou, Thalassa, from thy gulf below  
Wast filling every cranny of my mind,  
So that it waved with living seaweed, took  
Pure gems into its hollows, whelmed in thee  
Its earthliness; its memory forsook,  
And thy great wrath and solitude divined,  
Out of the calm that has no ebb or flow."

Lastly from "Aznac":—

"They murdered him, my father's son, beloved,  
And all the blood of life in me is moved,  
Weltering, furrowed, the enormous flood,  
And full of means to fructify—the mud  
Of will is in the motions of my pulse;  
Sources from mystic, ancient hills convulse  
And inundation from their centre flows.  
My powers, distracting, while their purpose grows,  
Even in their shallows, where their dalliance smiles,  
The things they play with are jagged crocodiles . . .  
And there are lotuses, with sceptred stems,  
And cushioned on their leaves their diadems.  
Compelled to wax and welter through my soul,  
The dark and spiral tides diffusive roll;  
They shall be poured out from their patience soon;  
For hours ago to-day passed by its noon."

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celestial mismanagement, found himself, after death, among the revellers on Olympus; and the not less acute discomfort of the English missionary, strayed by accident into the Obbjibways' heaven, where the supreme reward of a good life on earth lay in eternally depriving English missionaries of their scalps. Into some such wrong paradise was thrust, during her lifetime, the Infanta Eulalia of Spain. Endowed with character and brains, a taste for action, freedom, and solitude, she would have been happy as a member of the professional classes earning her living by her wits. "I have no respect for anything in the world," she writes at the end of her memoirs, "except intelligence." But destiny placed her in the one position where the exercise of intelligence was prohibited. By temperament an outlaw and a democrat, she was condemned to be a prisoner and a princess.

It is difficult for those in humbler circumstances to realize the extreme captivity of royal persons. Born in the cage, they, for the most part, early resign themselves to sit contentedly on their perches; but sometimes one of them beats his wings against the bars. This is how the Infanta remembers her childhood:—

"Conceive that we children had no playroom in the Palace. We had to amuse ourselves in the decorous sitting-room quietly. And we were never allowed to be alone. We were always under the eyes of some Spanish lady-in-waiting, who guarded and repressed us. When we were taken for a walk in the Bois, we were accompanied by ladies, who prevented us from playing with the children we met. At home, someone always sat and observed what we were doing. At night someone watched and slept in the bedroom with us. Whatever we did, there were eyes on us. It is true that until after I was married I was scarcely left alone for a moment to sit by myself in a room. That seems to me very sad."

Into this cast-iron tradition the robust and turbulent nature of the little Infanta could never fit. "The first clear consciousness of myself," she writes, "pictures me in the act of rebellion." It was an attitude she consistently maintained. She would not wear earrings, nor tight clothes, nor play quietly with her dolls, nor sleep with a maid in her room. She was curious and sceptical, questioning the theory of Creation and doubting the infallibility of the Pope. She discovered at an early age (claiming, oddly enough, the allegiance of Shakspeare in her support) that the whole notion of royalty was ridiculous. It became a familiar reproach to say of her that "Eulalia was only fit for America." All her healthy desires to mix freely with others of her own age were thwarted. Forbidden to play with some children on the beach in Normandy, she one day ran away. Her flight was brief, but its consequences were to be lasting. "I was soon caught," she writes, "but they had all been frightened, and I began to get my own way." She fought for freedom inch by inch, and, as frequently happens, purchased it at the cost of dignity. On the journey to Madrid, performed as journeys in Spain usually are, in the middle of the night, the young Infantas were waked up at every station to smile and bow to the people:—

"At first I enjoyed it; it was exciting. But when it grew late and I was tired and wanted to sleep . . . I rebelled. My mother insisted. 'Very well,' I said, 'I'll make silly faces at them, and they'll think you have an idiot for your daughter.' My mother was furious, but she knew that I would do it, so she left me alone, and I slept."

It was in Spain, where Eulalia and her elder sisters had gone to join their brother, the newly-crowned King Alfonso, that the shades of the prison-house closed most effectually over the growing girl. On the way from the station to the Palace, Eulalia noticed that the windows of the houses were all barred—a significant reminder of the Spanish status of women. Nothing that she had endured before compared with the privations of her existence now. At the Escorial she had no studies and no companions; at the Alcazar, the summer palace, there were no doors, no books, and no baths. These last were permanently unobtainable, the Spanish ladies-in-waiting holding the quaint theory that it was indelicate to take off all the clothes at once—but in her brother's library in Madrid she was able furtively to browse on the works of history and philosophy for which her robust and hungry intelligence craved. In public,

however, there was only one duty with which a princess could with propriety be occupied:—

"During my life in Madrid, almost my only public duty was to help lay corner-stones. I helped lay enough to pave a city. Whenever nothing else could be found to justify our existence, the authorities would say: 'Come, let them lay a corner-stone.' I cannot believe that any other stones were put on top of them. It is not possible. There were too many."

To add to her vexations a formidable relative took it upon herself to train the youngest Infanta in the royal *convenances*. She was taught that she must never express any opinions of any sort about public affairs or persons, that she must make no special friends, and that she must never, no never! look a gentleman in the face. In spite of this prohibition, however, at the age of fifteen an archduke fell in love with her at first sight, and demanded her hand in marriage. Eulalia had never spoken to him, but, delighted at the novelty of the experience, consented at once. The courtship was conducted in orthodox Spanish fashion, a duenna always in attendance one pace behind. One day the duenna fell two paces behind, and the archduke seized his opportunity. Much diverted, Eulalia hastened to tell her sisters of this adventure—but sisters, duenna, governess, priest alike were aghast. Kissed by an archduke at fifteen! It was a mortal sin for which she must instantly go to confession. This innocent romance did not last very long; and to please her brother and her old friend the Duc de Montpensier, Eulalia ultimately consented to become engaged to Antoine, the Duc's son and King Alfonso's brother-in-law. This marriage, which did not take place till after her brother's death, when Eulalia was twenty-five, and in which inclination was subordinated to political considerations, brought her little happiness, but what to one of her temperament was almost as important, a certain measure of freedom. Of her departure from Spain the Infanta writes:—

"I was leaving behind me many happy days, but many also that were unendurably sad. . . . I was no longer a prisoner of State. I was still, if you wish, a 'ticket-of-leave man.' But no convict released on good behavior ever went out with more relief."

When the bird has struggled out of its cage its history ceases to be poignant. The remainder of this volume is devoted to impressions of other Courts visited by the Infanta; and her observations, though fresh and detached, add little to the knowledge which we possess from other sources of the various notabilities therein. As there is, however, at the moment a large public for reminiscences of the Kaiser and Albert, King of the Belgians (both of whom the Infanta thought delightful), these chapters will probably be the most eagerly read. The Infanta Eulalia has little good to say of Courts in general:—

"I suppose that no one who has not lived at a Court will believe how narrow in its interests the Royal life can be. It is the life of a little family isolated by an impervious etiquette from the immensities of life that are about it. One can read, and hear, and be aware of the life of the nation at second-hand; one cannot approach it intimately. And the little family revolves upon itself, with its own gossip, its own scandal, its own jealousies and ambitions, its own jokes, and its own quarrels in a kind of Royal cloister, surrounded by invisible walls."

And she looks forward to their ultimate extinction not unhelpfully. Nothing strikes her more, she remarks, as she goes about Europe than the fact that "the market value of princes and princesses has enormously decreased." This, however, may be the unconscious bias of a democratic mind.

#### HUMORS.

"Bealby." By H. G. WELLS. (Methuen. 6s.)

THE sight of a brake of beanfeasters, chaffing the staid passer-by, signifies to the philosopher a happy escape from factory walls, and similarly "Bealby" suggests that Mr. Wells, by this romp in the literary hay-field, is reacting from the strain of his desk during war-



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5, Princes Street, Mansion House,  
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time. Mr. Wells's mental energy, we know, has many and various outlets, and "Bealby" curiously suggests a harking-back to the sportive moods of the robustious Georgian novel. Admirers of "Tom Jones" will remember how the characters, on putting up at any inn for the night, are always awakened by the noise of a frightful rumpus in the corridor, with slamming of doors, and ringing of bells, and fisticuffs proceeding between the Captain and his lady, and Boniface and his spouse and the parson and the inn-servants, all mixed up in the wrong bedrooms, with an ensuing crop of black eyes and damaged reputations. Our Georgian forefathers were blessed with a rich share of the liking for "larks" of the eternal boy, and in "Bealby" everybody joins in the joys of tumbling over his friends and chasing his neighbors. No sooner does the great Lord Chancellor himself, with his bushy eyebrows and philosophical intellect, find himself week-ending at "Shonts," the country house of the Laxtons, "the Peptonized Milk and Baby-Soothe people," than he commits assault and battery on various parties whom, he imagines erroneously, have been playing practical jokes on him. The game, of course, is set going by Bealby, the mutinous boot-boy, who, chased by Thomas, the footman, dashes through a green baize door, bang into the stomach of the Lord Chancellor himself. This striking opening, followed by Mergleton, the butler's headlong descent with Lord Moggeridge, syphon, slippers, and all, in a heap on the landing, and by Bealby's tapping and sniffing all night behind the wainscot, naturally leads to the great lawyer's developing "persecution mania." It is all very jolly and spirited, and staged as a British farce would no doubt carry Mr. Wells's fame into quarters of the Empire that know nothing of "Mankind in the Making." The subsequent cross-country flight of Bealby, his attachment, as the boy, to a caravan of Suffragette ladies, his scuffles with golfers, professors, &c., in defence of the fair, give his creator rich opportunities for dealing hard knocks at all those national habits and traits we sum up in the phrase "muddling through." Some people may rock with delight at Mr. Wells's breezy, broad-handed demonstration of the love affairs of that typical soldier, Captain Douglas, with the beautiful Madeleine, but one may whisper that one prefers the Georgian method to our sociologist's at play. There are slight signs of lassitude before the romps and frolics of "Bealby and the Tramp," and the rustic "Battle of Crayminster," and other hilarious episodes are over and done with; but Mr. Wells, like the beanfeaster as the day wears on, has pounded so many good fellows on the back, and imbibed refreshment at so many stages, and joined in so many roadside pleasantries, as to leave his audience marvelling.

### The Week in the City.

In normal times the approach of the Bank Holidays is marked by slackness and inactivity in the Stock Markets. Last year at this time the panic began which ended in war. This year there are plenty of reasons for stagnation and depression. If there had been any disposition to speculation, it must have been extinguished by the War Loan, and the news of the daily advance of the German armies on Warsaw has naturally weakened the quotations for Russian bonds as well as for Italian and other foreign

stocks. On the other hand, the ending of the South Wales strike has given some encouragement to Home Rails. Some interest has been taken in Sir Felix Schuster's address at the last half-yearly meeting of the Union of London and Smith's Bank, and his suggestion for an alternative conversion of Consols may possibly be adopted. The decision of the Hudson's Bay directors not to pay dividends on the Ordinary shares will have caused much disappointment. It is further evidence, if any were needed, of the severity of the financial and commercial depression in Canada. In the Discount Market there has been very little business, and it is difficult to see how very high rates can be maintained after the payments in connection with the War Loan have been made. The attempt of the Indian Government to finance itself by floating a loan in India with an appeal to small investors for sums of 100 rupees and upwards deserves success, and the experiment will be watched with interest.

#### AN INCOME-TAX CONCESSION TO INVESTORS.

Investors who have been in the habit of taking advantage of a bank overdraft to purchase an investment either in anticipation of their savings or for the sake of earning a higher rate of interest than they have to pay the bank, have long had a grievance against the Inland Revenue in so far as they have not been allowed to include such interest as a deduction against their annual profits or gains when making up their income-tax return. At the same time, the dividends they receive on the investment are "less income-tax," which has been deducted at the source, so that the profitableness of the investment is much reduced, especially with income-tax at its present rates. The new War Loan has brought the point into prominence, because many people have borrowed money to purchase stock in order to secure the right to convert their Consols. A new clause to the Finance (No. 2) Bill was therefore added by Mr. McKenna, on a suggestion from Mr. Peto, making interest on bank loans a proper charge against profits, so that the borrower may reclaim tax on the amount of the loan. Previously, only such interest as could be described as an "annual charge" could be entered as a deduction from taxable income, and the amount of an overdraft nearly always fluctuates from time to time, interest being charged on the debit balance. The clause is a great boon to trustees who may have taken advantage of the War Loan (Trustees) Act, 1915, to borrow money for the purpose of investing in the new Loan. The clause will make such borrowing less expensive and help to relieve the pressure to sell, which may appear as the result of the desire to clear off loans raised for the purpose of buying stock merely to convert Consols. This encouragement to borrow is, perhaps, the weakest feature of the loan scheme. Many people to whom an overdraft is repugnant will have been encouraged to indulge in one, in the belief that it would be only temporary, and will hasten to sell in order to get out of debt. It is satisfactory, however, that no minimum price is to be imposed. The Loan will thus find its proper level; weak holders will be eliminated, and even if the stock goes to a discount at first, it should improve as its proceeds are disbursed through the Government and money becomes cheaper in the market, as it is bound to do unless further measures are taken to keep its value up.

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